

THE QUIVER



THE
REVUE

III

The Quiver

Published by the Senior Class
Nineteen Hundred Twenty



Volume IX.

Number 1.

MARION HIGH SCHOOL



MARION HIGH SCHOOL

*M. H. S. thy name shall be
Ever our paradise of memory;
M. H. S. we'll ne'er forget
Within thy walls the friends we've met.
Friendly thots and wisdom's fame
Sons and daughters loyal to thy name
Tho now we part and friends must sever
We'll keep thy memory forever.*

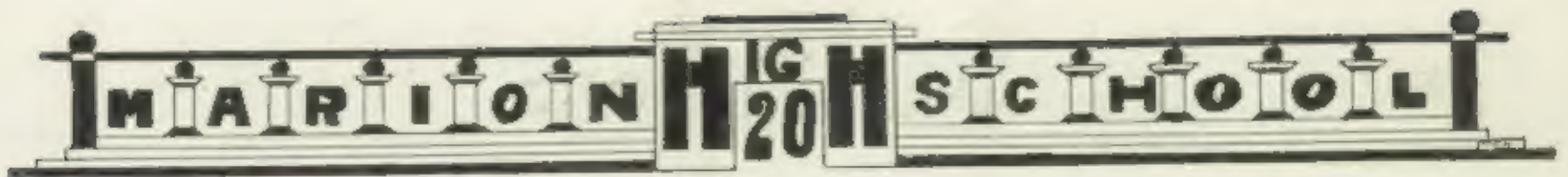


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MARION HIGH SCHOOL



K. H. MARSHALL,
PRINCIPAL OF HIGH SCHOOL



DEDICATION

To our principal, Kora Henderson Marshall, honored and esteemed by both the faculty and the student body, this volume is gratefully dedicated.



Foreword

AS we peruse the volumes that have gone before we cannot help but realize the great need of a monthly publication in the High School.

It is our earnest request that the classes which follow us will organize and promote a monthly paper as well as publish an annual.

The publication of this volume stands as a record of the history of the Class of Nineteen Twenty, and as we bid farewell to those who follow we extend our heartiest wishes of success and hope that they will continue to surpass us as they have up to the present time.

MARIION HIGH SCHOOL





The Faculty

DR. HENRY A. HARTMAN, *Superintendent.*
Ohio Northern University, University of
Colorado, Alabama State College.

MR. K. H. MARSHALL, *Principal.*
Ohio Northern University, Ohio Wesleyan
University, University of Wisconsin.

MRS. OSCAR M. ADAM, *English.*
Ohio Wesleyan University.

MR. OSCAR M. ADAM, *English, Public Speaking.*
Ohio Wesleyan University.

MISS OLLA ALLMENDINGER, *Latin.*
Wooster University, Cornell University,
University of Wisconsin.

MR. ROBERT R. BURDETTE, *Physical Training
Athletic Coach.*
Wittenberg College.

MISS EDITH L. BROWN, *History, Economics*
Geography.
Denison University, Ohio State University.

MARIION HIGH SCHOOL

MISS LOUISE CUNNINGHAM, *Ancient and Modern History.*
University of Michigan, University of Wisconsin

MISS CAROLINE B. FREDERICKSEN, *English*
Western Reserve.

MISS ISABEL FREER, *French, English*
Allegheny College.

MISS SUSAN GARBERTSON, *Domestic Science.*
Thomas Normal School, Columbia University, Harvard University.

MISS ABIGAIL HARDING, *English, American Literature.*
Vassar College, University of Wisconsin, University of Michigan.

MRS. J. J. HICKSON, *Biology*
Ohio Wesleyan University

MR. ROY W. KAUBLE, *Mathematics*
Wooster College.

MISS JOYCE KLINE, *Shorthand, Typewriting, Commercial Geography*
Ohio Northern University, National Business College



MARION HIGH SCHOOL



MRS. LOUIS C. KLINE, *Shorthand, Commercial Arithmetic, Typewriting*
Heidelberg University.

MR. LOUIS C. KLINE, *Shorthand, Bookkeeping, Salesmanship, Commercial Law.*
Central Ohio College, Adrian College, Los Angeles University of Law.

MR. A. F. LANTZER, *Mathematics.*
Ohio Northern University, Wooster College, Ohio State University, University of Wisconsin.

MISS RACHEL McAFEE, *Physical Training.*
American College of Physical Training.

MISS PANSY K. RAUHAUSER, *English, Modern History, Ancient History.*
Ohio Wesleyan University, Ohio State University.

MISS CORINNE ROSEBROOK, *Caesar, Latin.*
Ohio Wesleyan University.

MR. ERVIN H. SHADE, *Physics, Chemistry.*
Findlay College, University of Chicago.

MARION HIGH SCHOOL

MISS PRISCILLA SMITH, *Domestic Art*,
Miami University.

MRS. MARGERY Y. THIELE, *Mathematics*,
Sciences,
University of Chicago, First Pennsylvania
State Normal School, Franklin and Mar-
shall College, Chicago Institute

MISS MABEL TURNER, *Algebra, Latin*,
Ohio Wesleyan University.

MR. ROY A. WAGNER, *Manual Training*,
Drafting,
Bradley Polytechnic Institute.

MR. I. E. WALTERS, *Manual Training, Draft-
ing*,
Stout Institute, Valparaiso University, Brad-
ley Polytechnic Institute.

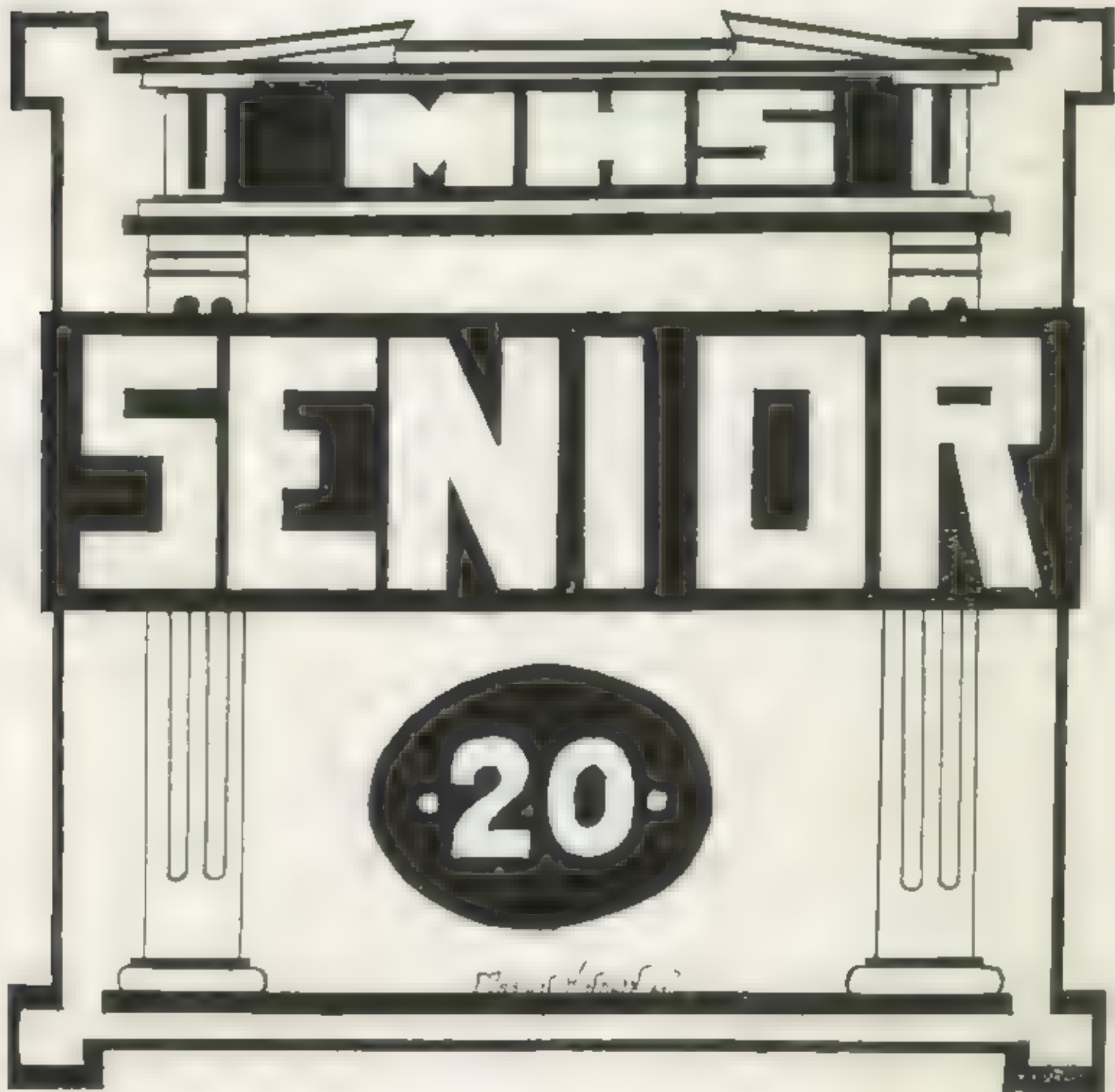
MR. L. A. WEBB, *Ancient History, Mathematics*,
Ohio Northern University.

MISS MARGARET WOLFLEY, *Latin, English*,
Ohio Wesleyan University.





MARION HIGH SCHOOL





Seniors

MARGARET CATHERINE ADAMS,

Commercial

"I am what I am because I have been doing what I have been doing."—Anon.

Interclass Basket Ball, '18, '19, '20; S. C. E. C., '20; Expression Club '20; Girls' Glee Club '20; Orchestra '18, '19.

CHARLES HOWARD ALLEN, *Classical*

"Plain 'Mister' ' Not Hercules,
Could have knocked out his brain,
For he had none."—Shakespeare.

A gentleman always—morning-noon-night. A. V. H. Le Petit Salon '20; Athletic Editor, "Quiver" Staff, '20; Student Mgr. Football '20; Expression Club '20; Glee Club '20; Senior Quartette '20.

HELEN ELIZABETH ALHEIT, *Classical*

"What manly eloquence could produce such an effect as woman's silence."—Michelet.

Girls' Glee Club '19; Expression Club '20; Inter Nos '19, '20; Le Petit Salon '20; "Feast of the Little Lanterns" '19.

FRED CARL BALDAUF, *Scientific*

"Fritz
"This fellow picks up wit as pigeons peas
And utters it again when Jove doth please"—Shakespeare

Glee Club '18; Inter Class Baseball '20.

WILLIAM THOMAS BLAND, *Scientific*

"Bill,"
"May never lady press his lips,
His puffed love returned,
Who makes a furnace of his mouth,
And keeps his chimney returning."—Anon.

Glee Club '20; Football '20; Business Mgr. "Quiver" Staff '20; Senior Entertainment Course Committee '20.

RUSSEL L. BOND, *Scientific*

"Russ."
"Have ye it on the hip?"—Heywood.

Glee Club '18, '19, '20; Minstrel '18; Expression Club '20; Yell Leader '20; Leader Corps '20; Senior Quartette '20; Orchestra '19.

MILDRED BREESE, *Scientific*

"Modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched with nobler virtues."—Goldsmith.

Girls Glee Club '19; "Feast of the Little Lanterns" '19; Girls' B. B. '19; Expression Club '20; Le Petit Salon '20; Par-ci Par-la '20.

HELEN BRICE, *Classical*

"A generous soul is sunshine to the mind."—Sir Robert Howard.

Girls Glee Club '19; "Feast of the Little Lanterns" '19; Inter Nos '19, '20; Le Petit Salon '20; Expression Club '20.

ARILLA ELLEN BURGRAFF, *General*

"I am little, but I am I" — Anon.

Inter Class B. B. '1, '20; Expression Club '20; Le Petit Salon '20.

MILDRED LORANA BURNSIDES, *Scientific*

"Silence often of pure innocence persuades, when speaking fails."—Shakespeare.

Inter Class B. B. '19; "Feast of the Little Lanterns" '19; Girls Glee Club '18-19; Expression Club '20; Le Petit Salon '20.

MARIANA RUTH CHAPMAN, *Scientific*

"A deuced fine girl, well educated too!"—Dickens.
Treas. '18; Girls Glee Club '19, '20; "Feast of the Little Lanterns" '19; Expression Club '20; Par-ci Par-la '20; Le Petit Salon '20.

WILLIAM LAWSON CLARK, *Scientific*

"Army."

"He is a soldier, fit to stand by Caesar,
And give directions."—Shakespeare.

Glee Club '16-'17-'18; Burkonians '18; Minstrels '18;
American Expeditionary Forces 1918-1919.





BESSIE LOUISE CONLEY, *Classical*

"The only disadvantage of an honest heart is credit."—Sir Philip Sidney.

Girls Glee Club '19; "Feast of the Little Lanterns" '19; Inter Nos '19; Le Petit Salon '20; Expression Club '20; F. A. G.

BLAND CREASAP, *Scientific*

"Marriage is the best state for man in general."—Johnson.

LOWELL DUNATHAN, *Classical*

"Pete."

"The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do, without a thought of fame."—Longfellow.

Treas. '17; Vice Pres. '19; Leader Corps '19; Expression Club '20; Le Petit Salon '20; Interclass B. B. '19-'20; Capt. Senior B. B. '20; Interclass Debate '20; Triangle Debate '20; Humorous Editor "Quiver" Staff '20.

JAMES MILTON FAHL, *Scientific*

"Jimmy."

"That same face of yours looks like the title page to a whole volume of roguery."—Colley Cibber.

Glee Club '19.

DOROTHY LOUISE FETTER, *Scientific*

"Blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds."—Congreve.

Girls Glee Club '19; "Feast of the Little Lanterns" '19; Expression Club '20; Par-ci Par-la.

VIVIAN R. GARSTER, *Classical*

"But the great mind will be bravely eccentric, and scorn the beaten road."—Goldsmith.

Girls Glee Club '19; "Feast of the Little Lanterns" '19; Expression Club '20; Inter Nos. '20.

HELEN VAN TYNE GILLIS, *Commercial*

"I feel within me a peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience."—Shakespeare.

Girls Glee Club '19; "Feast of the Little Lanterns"
'19-'20; Interclass B. B. '19-'20; Capt. Commercial
B. B. '19; Treas. S. C. E. C. '20.

RONALD DE COURCY GOODSSELL

Scientific

"He said
Or right, or wrong, what came into his head."—
Horace.

Glee Club '19-'20; Expression Club '20

ROBERT EUGENE GOODSSELL, *Classical*

"Bob."

"A shallow brain behind a serious mask,
At once with an empty cask — Cowper
The sun radiates same — A. V. H.

Pres. '15; Vice Pres. '16; Treas. '17; Expression
Club '20; Accompanist, Glee Club and Senior Quar-
tette '20; Alumni and Literary Editor, "Quiver"
Staff '20.

EDYTHE FRANCES GUNDER, *Scientific*

"I find that nonsense, at times, is singularly refresh-
ing."—Talleyrand.

Girls Glee Club '19-'20; "Feast of the Little Lan-
terns" '19; Expression Club '20; Le Petit Salon '20.

SUSAN M. GUTHERY, *Classical*

"From her own gracious nature she bestows,
Nor stoops to ask reward."—Thompson.

Sect. '19; Girls Glee Club '19-'20; "Feast of the
Little Lanterns" '19; Inter Nos '19-'20; Expression
Club '20; Le Petit Salon '20; Inter Class and Tri-
angle Debate '20; F. A. G.

VIRGINIA HEBERMAN, *Classical*

"Gin."

"She was our queen, our rose, our star,
And when she danced—oh, heaven, her dancing!"
—Pruett.

Girls Glee Club (Pres. '20) '19, '20; "Feast of the
Little Lanterns" '19; Interclass B. B. '18; Inter Nos
'19, '20; Expression Club (Pres.) '20; Le Petit
Salon '20.





ZELDA MARGUERITE HALDERMAN,

Commercial

"I would you had her spirit in such another."—Anonymous.

Girls Glee Club '19; "Feast of the Little Lanterns" '19; Inter Class B. B. '19; S. C. E. C. '20.

ROBERT EUGENE HAMILTON, *Scientific*

"Bob."

"Patience, and shuffle the cards."—Cervantes.

Pres. '17, '20; Expression Club '20; Football '19-'20; Senior Entertainment Course Committee; Basket Ball '20; Inter Class B. B. '18, '19; Inter Class Tennis Finals '19; Base Ball '20; Tennis (Cap't) '19-'20; Glee Club '18, '19, '20.

LEO ELSIE HAYNES, *Commercial*

"What sweet delight a quiet life affords."—Drummond.

S. C. E. C. '20.

ROBERT FRANKLIN HECKER, *Classical*

"Bob."

To be serene amid a losing fight,
To meet with equal courage dark or light,
To hate all sham, and with persistent might,
To do brave deeds as in a master's right,
This is to learn life's lesson."

—Charles Allen Daussan.

Inter Class B. B. '18, '20; Foot Ball '20; Tri-ge Debate '20; Expression Club '20; Asst. Editor, "Quiver" Staff '20.

QUO VADIS HENDERSON, *Commercial*

"You'd swear

When her delicate feet in the dance twinkle round,
That her steps are of light, that her home is the air."

—Moore.

Girls Glee Club '19; "Feast of the Little Lanterns" '19; S. C. E. C. '20; Expression Club '20; Le Petit Salon '20.

RUTH ARLOUINE HENNEY, *Classical*

"Pug."

"To be honest as this world goes,
Is to be one picked out of ten thousand."

—Shakespeare.

Inter Class B. B. '17, '18, '19, '20, (Capt. '18, '20); M. Team '18; Girls Glee Club '19; "Feast of the Little Lanterns" '19; Inter Nos '19, '20; Le Petit Salon '20; Society Editor, "Quiver" Staff '20; Sect. '18; Vice Pres. '20.

NAIDA HOUSER, *Scientific*

"It is no use to grumble and complain;
It's just as cheep and easy to rejoice,
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
Why, rain's my choice."—James Whitcomb Riley.
Girls Glee Club '19, '20; "Feast of the Little
Lanterns" '20; Expression Club '20.

LOUIS CLIFFORD HUBLEY, *Commercial*

"Louie."
"The force of his own merit makes his way."
—Shakespeare.
Glee Club '19; Inter Class B. B. '19, '20; Inter Class
Base Ball '20; Le Petit Salon '20; S. C. E. C. '20;
Asst. Circulation Manager "Quiver" Staff '20.

IRENE RACHEL HUHN, *Scientific*

"Simplicity, of all things, is the hardest to be copied."
—Steele.
Girls Glee Club '19; "Feast of the Little Lanterns"
'19; Expression Club '20; Le Petit Salon '20; Par-ci
Par-la.

DELESTELL HUTCHINSON, *Scientific*

"Man delights me not, nor woman neither."
—Shakespeare.
Girls Glee Club '19; "Feast of the Little Lanterns"
'19; Expression Club '20.

PAUL VINCENT IREY, *Classical*

"Irey."
"The world may be divided into people that read,
people that write, people that think, and fox-hunters
—Shenstone.
Inter Class B. B. '18; Inter Class Baseball '20; Le
Petit Salon '20; Basket Ball '20.

CAROLYN ELSIE KALKBRENNER, *Classical*

"A blithe heart makes a blooming visage."
—Scotch Proverb.
Inter Nos '19, '20; Expression Club '20; Le Petit
Salon '20; Girls Glee Club '20; F. A. G.



RUTH ELLA KRAUTTER, *Scientific*

"The crimson glow of modesty o'er spread
Her cheek, and gave new lustre to her charms."
—Dr. Thomas Franklin.

Orchestra '18, '19; Girls Glee Club '19, '20; "Feast
of the Little Lanterns" '19; Expression Club '20;
Le Petit Salon '20.

KATHERYN MADALINE KUNKLE, *Commercial*

"The laughter of girls is, and ever was, among the
delightful sounds of earth."—De Quincey.

Girls Glee Club '19, '20; "Feast of the Little Lan-
terns" '19; Expression Club '20; S. C. E. C. '20.

GEORGE HENRY LANIUS, *General*

"None can describe the sweets of country life,
But those blest men that do enjoy and taste them."
—May.

Graduate Student, Green Camp High School, '19.

RUTH V. LEFFLER, *Classical*

"What she undertook to do, she did."—Anonymous.
Orchestra '18; Girls Glee Club '19, '20; "Feast of
the Little Lanterns" '19; Inter Nos '19, '20; Expres-
sion Club '20; Le Petit Salon '20.

COE EDWIN LEACH, *General*

"The best portion of a good man's life,
His little nameless, unremembered acts of kindness
and of Love."—Wordsworth.

Graduate Student, Green Camp High School, '19.

OSCAR CHARLES LONG, *Scientific*

"Success is coming up to the level of our best."
—Anonymous.

Graduate Student, Green Camp High School, '19





ALICE ELVA McCLURE, *Scientific*

"A truer, nobler, trustier heart, more loving or more loyal, never beat within a human breast."—Byron.

Inter Class B. B. '18, '19; Girls Glee Club '20; Le Petit Salon '20; Expression Club '20.

EDWIN LE ROY MARTIN, *Scientific*

"O, he sits high in all people's hearts."—Shakespeare.

Glee Club '19; Inter Class B. B. '20.

RALPH EDGAR MAYFIELD, *Scientific*

"I know the nature of women.
When you request, they refuse;
When you forbid, they are sure to do it."—Terence.

Inter Class B. B. '20; Graduate Student, Green Camp High School, '19

ELMA FRANCES MIDLAM, *Scientific*

"Worth, courage, honor, these indeed
Your sustenance and birth-right are."—Stedman.

Inter Class B. B. '19; Expression Club '20; Le Petit Salon '20; Girls Glee Club '20.

ALLEN HERBERT MIDDLETON, *Scientific*

"Why then do you walk as if you had swallowed a
ramrod?"—Epictetus.

JUANITA LOUISE MILLER, *Commercial*

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

—Proverbs.

Inter Class B. B. '18, '19, '20; Girls Glee Club '19,
20 "Feast of the Little Lanterns" '19; S. C. E. C.
20; Expression Club '20.

HELEN MAY MONTGOMERY, *General*

"The sunshine on my path was to me as a friend."
—Brady
Le Petit Salon '20; Expression Club '20.

THEODORE R. MOORE, *Scientific*

"Teddy."
"Soprano, basso, even the contra-alto,
Wished him five fathoms under the Rialto."—Byron.
Glee Club '19, '20; Inter Class Debate '20; Triangle
Debate '20; Inter Class Base Ball '20; Circulation
Manager "Quiver" Staff '20.

ALICE ESTELLA MYERS, *Scientific*

"What cannot beauty join with virtue gain."
—Dryden.
Sect. '17; Girls Glee Club '19; "Feast of the Little
Lanterns" '19; Le Petit Salon '20; Expression Club
'20; Par-ci Par-la.

DOROTHEA JANE OBORN, *Commercial*

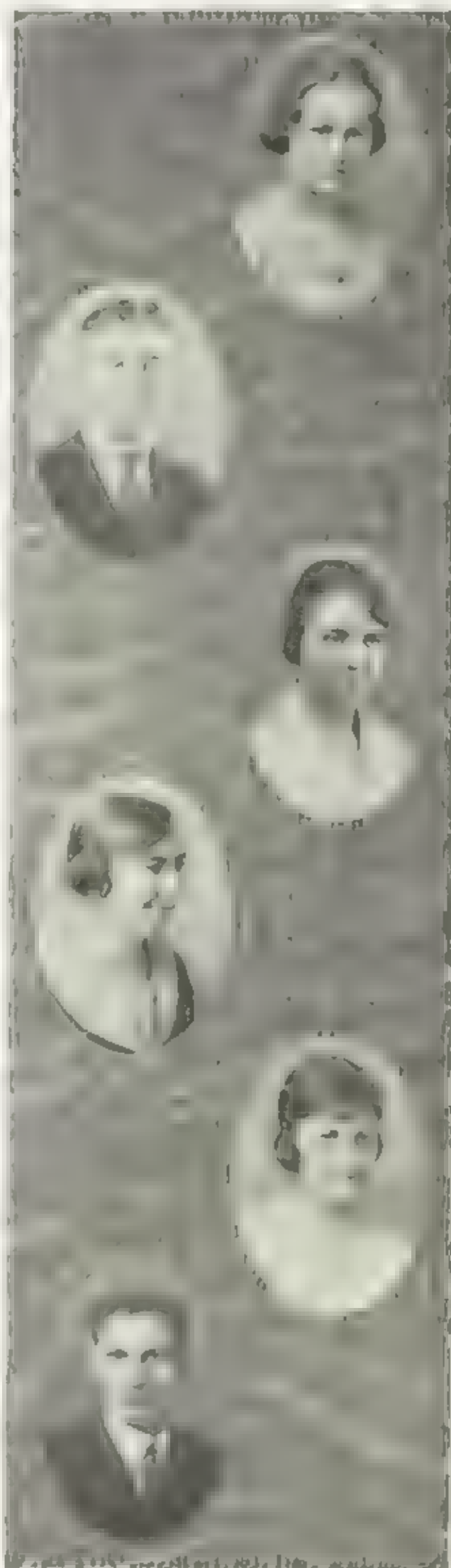
"Those eyes, whose light seemed rather hidden
To be adored than to adore."—Moore.
Girls Glee Club '19; "Feast of the Little Lanterns"
'19; Expression Club '20; S. C. E. C. '20.

MARIE JOSEPHINE OBORN, *Scientific*

"Modesty is the color of virtue."—Diogenes.
Girls Glee Club '19; "Feast of the Little Lanterns"
'19; Inter Class B. B. '19; Expression Club '20.

DARREL REED OURS, *Commercial*

"And panting Time toiled after him in vain."
—Johnson
Leader Corps '19; S. C. E. C. '20



MARION HIGH SCHOOL



CARTER MERDELL PATTON, *Commercial*

Can

"One can't always be a hero, but one can always be a man."—Goethe.

Inter Class B. B. '19, '20; Basket Ball '20; Leader Corps '20; Inter Class Baseball '20; S. C. E. C. (Pres.) '20; Le Petit Salon '20; Senior Quartette '20; Manuscript Editor "Quiver" Staff '20.

AMY GAIL PORTER, *Scientific*

Throw 'Physics' to the dogs,
I'll none of it."—Shakespeare.

Girls Glee Club '19; "Feast of the Little Lanterns" '19; Inter Class B. B. '20; Expression Club '20.

CLYDE LE ROY RICHARDSON, *Commercial*

"Richie."

"Whose nature is so far from doing harm,
That he suspects none."—Shakespeare.

Glee Club '19; S. C. E. C. '20

RICHARD LEE ROBINSON, *Scientific*

"As prone to mischief, as able to perform."—
Glee Club '19

—Shakespeare.

VALLIE LOUISE RODERICK, *Classical*

"Ability wins us the esteem of the true men."

—La Rochefoucauld.

Inter Class B. B. '18, '19; Inter Nos '19, '20; Le Petit Salon '20; Expression Club '20.

HELEN LOUISE SCHAAD, *Scientific*

"The sight of you is good for sore eyes" —Swift

Inter Class B. B. '20; Girls Glee Club '19, '20
Le Petit Salon '20; Expression Club '20.

AUDREY LUCILLE SIMPSON, *Commercial*

"We find in life exactly what we put in it."

—Emerson.

Girls Glee Club '19; "Feast of the Little Lanterns" '19; S. C. E. C. '20.

MARGARET SMITH, *General*

"The secret of success is constancy to purpose."

—Disraeli.

"M" Team (B. B.) '16, '17, '18; Inter Class B. B. '16, '17, '18, '19, '20; Girls Glee Club '17, '18; Expression Club '19, '20. "Feast of the Little Lanterns" '19.

MARY LOIS SMITH, *Classical*

"A noble type of good heroic womanhood."

—Longfellow.

Inter Nos (Pres. '19) '19, '20; Expression Club '20; Class Editor "Quiver" Staff '20

MILDRED ELIZABETH SMITH, *Scientific*

"Of all our parts, the eyes express
The sweetest kind of bashfulness."—Herrick.

Girls Glee Club '19, '20; "Feast of the Little Lanterns" '19; Expression Club '20; Parci-Par-la.

CLAYBORNE WILLIAM SMOOT, *General*

"He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper;
But he is more excellent who can suit his temper to
any circumstances."—Hume.

MERLIN ELIZABETH STONEBRAKER,

Classical

"Whence is thy learning? hath thy too
O'er books consumed the mid-night oil?"—Gay

Inter Class B. B. '19; Inter Nos '19, '20; Expression Club '20; Le Petit Salon '20; Par-ci Par-la





MILDRED VIOLET STREET, *Commercial*

"Silence is more musical than any song."—Rossetti.
Girls Glee Club '18, '19; "Feast of the Little Lanterns" '19; S. C. E. C. '20.

MELVINA FLORENCE SUMMERS, *Classical*

"Exceptional women ought to have exceptional rights."—Anna E. Dickens.

Inter Class B. B. '17, '18, '19, '20; Inter Class Base Ball '18; Girls Glee Club '19, '20; "Feast of the Little Lanterns" '19; Inter Nos '19, '20; Le Petit Salon '20; Expression Club '20.

CATHERINE SWISHER, *Commercial*

"Good sense is the gift of heaven."—Pope.

Inter Class B. B. '18, '19; Girls Glee Club '20; S. C. E. C. '20.

GLADES EDWIN SWOPE, *General*

"He that does good to another does good to himself."
—Seneca.

Graduate Student, Jerry City High School, '19.

ZELDA FLORENCE TERRY, *Scientific*

"True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shined upon."—Butler.

Girls Glee Club '19; "Feast of the Little Lanterns" '19; Expression Club '20; Le Petit Salon '20.

CHARLES FREDERIC TSCHANEN, *Scientific*

"Fred."

"When a young lady is as mild as she is game, and as game as she is mild, that's all I ask."—Dickens.

Inter Class B. B. '16, '17, '18, '19; Inter Class Base Ball '20; Basket Ball (Capt.) '20; Glee Club '20; Foot Ball '19, '20.

WILLIAM NELSON VIGOR, *Scientific*

"Nell."

"The strongest passion which I have is honor."

—Bailey.

Inter Class B. B. '17, '19; Basket Ball '19, '20; Foot Ball '19, '20; Inter Class Base Ball '20; Yell Leader '19; Glee Club '18, '19, '20; Minstrel '18; Senior Quartette '20; Expression Club '20; "Quiver" Staff '19, '20 (Asst. Business Manager '20).

JOHN EDWIN WALTER, *Commercial*

"Young man, what are you going to do in the great future?"—K. A. Burnell

S. C. E. C. '20.

JAMES FRANK WIEDEMANN, *General*

"Why may not this be the skull of a lawyer."

—Shakespeare.

Glee Club '19, '20; Foot Ball '20; Inter Class Debate '20.

HAROLD ARLINGTON WISE, *Scientific*

"The little foolery that wise men have makes a great show."—Anon.

Co. "A" '17; Base Ball '16; Glee Club '18, '19; Minstrel '18; Inter Class B. B. '20; Inter Class Base Ball '20; Tennis '19.

MILFORD JAY WYRICK, *Scientific*

"In mathematics, he was greater Than Tycho Brahe, or Erra Pater."—Butler.

Choral Society '17.

MILDRED M. ZAHN, *Commercial*

"Who does the best his circumstances allow, Does well, acts nobly."—Young.

Girls Glee Club '18, '19; "Feast of the Little Lanterns" '19; S. C. E. C. '20.





THEODORE T. ZUCK, *Scientific*

"Toad."

"I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

—Old Testament.

Pres. '19; Leader Corps '19; Le Petit Salon '20; Triangle Debate '20; Glee Club '19, '20; Expression Club '20; Chairman, Senior Entertainment Course Committee; "Quiver" Staff '18, '19, '20; Editor-in-Chief '20.

We're dignified and stately now,
We're SENIORS don't you know,
But now a thot just comes to us,
We'll print it down below.

It takes four years of seasoning,
Four years of toil and pain,
To make a college freshman
With ivory for his brain.



ROBERT HAMILTON, President
 ARLOUINE HENNEY, Vice President
 LUCILLE KLINGEL, Secretary
 EDNA KLEINMAIER, Treasurer

Class Song

Since we have entered Marion High
 Four years have passed so quickly by.
 We've stood the test, we've done our best,
 Our parting day is nigh.

CHORUS

Nineteen and twenty
 Ever the same
 True to thy colors
 Loyal to thy name.
 Dear Marion High School
 Now that we must part
 Fond memories linger
 In each Senior's heart.

Crimson and gray are ever near,
 They've waved so proudly o'er us here;
 But on this eve, we're sad to leave
 Our Alma Mater dear.



Class History

September 5, 1916, was the dreadful day! I mean it was the day on which the class of '20 first trod the soil of M. H. S., as a bunch of 240 green little freshmen, at whom the upperclassmen hooted with the usual derisive cries. But finally we were marched into the Old Central Building and, there in alphabetical sections, we confronted our first and worst schedule. Every Tuesday morning thereafter we passed through the main room, stumbling over the feet of the sophomores, enduring the infliction of pin pricks and such other sundry heckling sport as only the mind of a sophomore can devise toward those of a lower caste, as we marched dejectedly to the auditorium where we practiced music. After a few melodious moments in the auditorium we stumbled back again over the same painful route. This was our weekly routine during those freshman days, which as looked back upon, after the lapse of three years, seemed as long as twenty days do now.

Twenty-eight of our number were fortunate enough to escape taking their examinations. Twenty-eight dropped out. "Like ships which sailed away for sunny isles and never came to shore", they disappeared from the class and study rooms, and from the companionship of the class of '20. The rest of us perfected our class organization on April 11, 1917, with Robert Hamilton as president, Estella Myers as secretary, and Lowell Dunathan as treasurer. The class colors chosen were red and gray.

In athletics we were represented by three members in basketball, and three also on the football team.

At the close of the school year, the class gave a cantata under the direction of Mr. Krieger. When the girls of the class were asked to sing at commencement they felt at

last they had gained a place of some importance in the affairs of M. H. S.

The last, and one of the most enjoyable events of our freshman year was a gay picnic, held at Greenwood Lake, Delaware.

After the summer's rest we came back, not to the old building in which we spent our freshman days, but to a grand new one, to be sophomores of the year. Now from the eminence of sophomorehood, privileged to say, "Such undisputed things in such a solemn way" we looked down upon the small "freshies" called them "green"—a rare treat to the members of a class who had so recently outgrown the "green" stage themselves! Soon we organized our class by the election of George Pfann as president, Lucille Klingel as vice president, Arlouine Henney as secretary, and Ruth Chapman as treasurer.

It was much easier now to have parties, as we had the use of the new gymnasium and also the domestic science kitchen from which to serve the eats, so we had two socials during the year. Both of these were pronounced successes. It was here that romance intruded into the ranks of the class of '20 when one of the members of the class clandestinely set sail upon the sea of matrimony. The discovery of this event of course bestowed a new distinction upon the entire class, for what other sophomore class in the history of M. H. S. could boast of a married man as a member?

As in the freshman year the class again celebrated the close of the school year with a picnic at Delaware.

After a three-months' recess we came back to our studies, a smiling, busy bunch of healthy youngsters, eager to take up the activities of our junior year. These were soon be-

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gun with a junior class meeting at which we elected our new officers. We chose Theodore Zuck as president. Lowell Dunathan as vice president, Susan Guthery as secretary, and Fred Allen as treasurer. Our banner was beautifully made up in the class colors, red and grey, and we were justly proud of its appearance as it hung beside the banner of the senior class.

We were just preparing for our first party when school was closed on account of the "flu", but we managed to have one social before January, and another soon after New Year. The most anticipated event was the Junior-Senior banquet.

Athletically we were well represented on both the high school football and basketball teams and the junior class team made the seniors "play some" to win in the basketball contest by a two-basket margin.

A popular club, known as the Junior Inter Nos, fostered high scholarship in the Latin department and many a pleasant and profitable hour was spent in attendance at its meetings. Two able members of the junior class were elected to the Quiver Staff, Theodore Zuck as associate editor, and Nelson Vigor as class editor.

Again we approached the doors of M. H. S. after a summer's leave, and took up our school life with greater enjoyment than in any previous year, since now we were seniors. We try hard to look dignified for are we not, as "grave and reverend seniors", entitled to do so, and to smile slyly the while to ourselves as we take a retrospective view "o'er the verdant past"?

Soon a class meeting was called and at this meeting we elected Robert Hamilton, who had served as president during the freshman year, to be president of the class in its senior year. Arlouine Henney was chosen vice president, Lucille Klingel secretary, and Edna Kleinmaier, treasurer.

This year the class entered upon an entirely

new undertaking, the putting on of an entertainment course, a feature which has proven a great success.

In the interclass debates of this year the seniors defeated the underclassmen, and five members of the class had the distinction of being chosen on the triangle debate teams.

In athletics our team was successful, defeating all the other class teams and thus receiving the silver trophy cup awarded the victors. Six of the members of the high school football team were from the class of '20 and five were members of the basket ball team.

Three class socials have been held, all of which were most enjoyable events. The first of these was in the nature of a Hallowe'en party, where "some were in rags some in tags, and some in velvet gowns", the second was a bob-sled party and the third was held near St. Patrick's day.

At the end of the year came the Junior-Senior banquet given in our honor by the juniors, stunt day, class day, the presentation of the class play, the annual picnic, and last of all, commencement. Of our original freshman roll of 240 but 85 have reached the coveted goal of graduation.

Such, in brief, is the history of the class of '20, the members of which go forth into the world, infinitely better equipped for the battles of life by the lessons learned in the four years spent in M. H. S. In passing across the stage preparatory to making our final adieux to the familiar scenes and faces, always to be cherished among the pleasant recollections of our lives no matter where our lots may be cast, let us pause long enough to extend the hand of thankfulness to our instructors for their kindness and patience. Let us congratulate the members of the class which shall follow us and express the hope that the high ideals which were ours may be lifted to a still loftier plane by our successors for whom we wish the highest measure of success in their coming Senior Year.



Senior Calendar

Sept. 2	School starts with a big attendance. Freshmen have a difficult time getting around.	Oct. 11	Marion High battles with Mansfield in mud and rain. Three (?) dozen people attend and a nice time was enjoyed by all.
Sept. 3	Freshies, as usual, have the greatest majority. By-word, "Where's zat Freshman Assembly?"	Oct. 13	Big football rally. A bonfire, yells and impromptu speeches. Mr. Adam makes a hit with his parody on Mark Anthony's funeral oration.
Sept. 10	Great stir. Locker keys given out.	Oct. 14	Picture taken of student body and faculty.
Sept. 11	Grand "choir service" (?) in West Hall.	Oct. 15	Senior class meeting. Coit Lyceum Entertainment Course accepted. More staff officers elected. A dignified meeting? O-o-o-of course!!!
Sept. 15	Seniors feel quite dignified at their first class meeting. Officers elected. Athletic tickets distributed to students.	Oct. 28	First number of Senior Entertainment Course—The Bertha Farner Co.
Sept. 25	General Assembly. Football boys "spiel" and teach the Freshmen the M. H. S. yells and song. O! what music!!!	Oct. 31	Hallowe'en. Spooks, nigger babies and other queer creatures enter the building about 8:30 to enjoy the Senior Party. Football boys are sent home (?) to rest up for the game.
Sept. 26	Whoopee! Big football victory over Upper Sandusky. Rally afterwards to celebrate. Conundrum—Why was the big canvas fence put around Junior High football field? Answer, To keep Upper Sandusky in the game.	Nov. 3	First Quiver Staff meeting. Editor said it was time to begin work. Grade cards given out.
Oct. 3	Extra! extra! loads and loads of thrills in Physics! Ardis sat on a pin!	Nov. 5	Kiddies trot home after grade cards.
Oct. 4	Marion played East High of Columbus. The teams were evenly matched and the game was exciting. East High won in last two minutes of play by score of 13-7.	Nov. 6	No school. Teachers go a-visiting. May they have a good time and go again another day.
Oct. 6	Committee selected for Senior Entertainment Course.	Nov. 7	Team journeys to Ashland to beat them 20-13. Great work, "Hink."
Oct. 7	Second meeting of Senior Class. Ed-in-Chief and Business Manager for Quiver Staff. S. C. E. Club organizes at the home of Mr. Kline.	Nov. 10	Assembly to celebrate the victory. School cheers the extemporaneous speeches of the team which tell us about the game. Some Seniors strangely go to sleep in Physics. Ronald quit your dreaming.

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Nov. 11

Armistice Day. Great indignation over forgetfulness of school board to dismiss us. Mr. Marshall gives us an assembly for consolation. All of our ex-service men speak, namely, Mr. Burdette, Mr. Shade, Mr. Adam, Robert Hecker, Lawson Clark and last but not least Mr. Marshall with his little speech, "Now you may go to your first recitation."

Nov. 12

Some Seniors get royal arm of cans. "Trot home" says K. H. M., "and bring your dada to put you back in M. H. S."

Mr. Brown of Case University speaks here in the interest of higher education.

Senior class meeting to decide on class rings and pins.

Boys Glee Club meets.

Nov. 13

Miss Garberson sells hats for the Fostoria game.

Nov. 14

Great excitement and expectation. A pep meeting held after school for big game to-morrow.

Nov. 15

A big becaped, beribboned parade headed by a band marches thru town to the fairground.

Nov. 17

Great excitement! Frank Weidemann appears with an embryonic moustache.

Nov. 19

Found,—A Freshman in the West Assembly. Owner may have same by calling at the office.

Nov. 20

Second number of Entertainment Course. Edwin M. Whitney gives the play "Fortune Hunter."

Nov. 21

Rev. Strothers speaks to us in assembly. Meeting of those interested in an Expression Club.

Nov. 22

Marion vs. Bucyrus. Marion lost.

Nov. 26

Thanksgiving assembly and program given by West Hall people. A Senior class meeting. All Seniors of Marion County High Schools are invited to a party to be given by O. S. U. students at Schwingers Hall. Inter Nos. after school at the home of Mary Lois Smith.

Dec. 1

Expression Club after school. Officers are elected. S. C. E. meeting at home of Dorothea Oborn.

Dec. 3

Grades are doled out. Surprises and disappointments. Third number on Entertainment Course. Mr. Charles Crawford Gorst pleases immensely.

Dec. 8

Expression Club. Open forum. Very momentous subject—Do the dead speak? Orchestra practice.

Dec. 9

Thrift Stamp drive starts. Mrs. Thiele says if some people did get into their lockers they would have a terrible time getting out. Girls Glee Club meets.

Dec. 10

Fleeting moments of bliss from 12:45 to 1:35. In other words, assembly, Mr. Atwood gives us a very deep lecture on the Constitution.

Dec. 12

General assembly and chapel service by Mr. and Mrs. Demarest. Inter class basketball games. Seniors vs. Juniors. Score 28-9. Senior Inter Nos is held at the home of Arloline Henney.

Dec. 15

Subject for Triangular Debate announced.

Dec. 16

Girls Glee Club meets in the gym.

Dec. 17

Girls Glee Club again. Senior debate tryouts.

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Dec 19	Ruggles' Family and M. H. S. Jazz Band amuse us in West Hall after school. Vacation begins. Everyone happy. Basketball game with Prospect at Y. M. C. A. Did we win? Well, I guess we did, 51-13.	Jan. 29	Rev. Swank speaks in memory of Garfield. Juniors unfurl their banner.
Jan. 5	Work begins with full force. S. C. E. meets with Clyde Richardson.	Jan 30	Entire assembly (Freshmen included). First public appearance of a Freshman class yell. S. C. E. meeting at the home of Mildred Street to celebrate the appearance of the ground hog.
Jan. 9	Inter Class basketball games. Sophomores defeat Seniors. Marion plays Ashland but couldn't find the basket and went under in the fight.	Feb. 5	Silver loving cup goes to the Seniors. Freshmen die.
Jan. 12	Boys Glee Club and Expression Club attempt to meet in West Hall after school. Girls give in to boys as usual.	Feb. 6	Crepe hangs on the door of the Freshman assembly, a d-o-o-o-leful place.
Jan. 13	Vergil class entertained by Miss Al-mendinger. Clever playlet given, "How we get our Vergil."	Feb. 12	Lincoln's Birthday observed.
Jan. 14	Quarterly tests. O! My! nuf said.	Feb. 13	Football sweaters presented to the team and numerals to victorious Senior B. B. team. When Silver trophy, in all its glory, is presented to Captain Dunathan, Seniors visibly expand. Ruth Leffler entertains Senior Inter Nos.
Jan. 16	Illustrious Seniors go down in defeat before the fast Freshmen team. Well, someone is always taking the joy out of life. M. H. S. plays a fast and furious game with Mansfield which results in a tie. When the tie was played off, the score was 24-23. Marion was hoodooed.	Feb. 14	Senior Commercial "children" have Valentine box.
Jan. 19	Senior class meeting. Committee for class song and poem named. Expression Club meets. Girls basketball.	Feb. 20	Inter class debates. Bol—she—ve—Oh! We can't spell it. Ask him who knows.
Jan 21	Roy Young, the violinist, gives a recital after school. Senior bob-sled ride.	Mar. 1	Seniors again win over the Freshmen in Inter-class debate. No wonder they have it in for us. "Freshie, Freshie don't you cry, you'll be a Senior bye and bye."
Jan 22	Robert Parker Miles gives his celebrated lecture, "Tallow Dips."	Mar. 2	S. C. E. Club entertained at the home of Catherine Swisher.
Jan. 23	Assembly. Robert Parker Miles is with us again.	Mar 3	Quiver Staff hard at work.
Jan. 28	Senior class meeting. More Quiver business.	Mar. 4	Junior girls meeting. Important decisions about the Banquet.
		Mar. 5	Dr. Sawyer addresses the assembly. Boys Glee Club sings. Girls Inter-class B. B. tournament. Fortune again visits the Seniors.

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Mar. 8 Staff meeting and M. H. S. debaters names posted.

Mar. 11 Senior assembly. Wesleyan student tells us about college life.

Mar. 12 Chapel service. Rev. Brice with us.

Mar. 15-19 Week of sleepless nights and days of horror. Examinations 'n' everything.

Mar. 17 Short meeting of Expression Club.

Mar. 19 Seniors proudly display the new jewelry at the St. Patrick's Party.

Mar. 21 Spring fever.

Mar. 22 Senior baseball meeting. Final game of girls B. B. tournament gives Seniors the victory.
Juniors are mad
And we are glad
And we can't seem to please them.

Mar. 26 Spring Vacation.

April 5 S. C. E. meets with Zelda Haldeman.

April 6 Great excitement and anxiety in room 18. Teacher's "pony" runs away. We wonder where it went. K. H. M. says "Bring it back quickly."

April 10 The Senior's champion rusher, Pres. "Bob" seen enjoying the spring weather with his latest flame, a Sophomore, as usual.

April 16 Triangle Debate. Marion comes out second.

Prospectus:
Junior-Senior Banquet.
Class play.
Stunt Day.
Class Day.
Picnic.
Baccalaureate.
Commencement.

Class Prophecy

CAST

Miss Eliza Hopkins EDNA KLEINMAIER
Miss Luella Jones SUSAN GUTHEY
Miss Miranda Simpkins LUCILLE KLINGEL
Setting, Luella's kitchen.

Time, Tuesday, 10:00 A. M., June, 1927.

L. This pesky iron gets cold the minute I take it off the stove just because I want to hurry and get through so I can go to that rummage sale before everything gets picked over.

(A knock at the door.)

L. Well, I never—

(Enter Eliza and Miranda.)

E. Miranda and me was just passing by and we thought we'd just drop into tell you about that dreadful elopement.

L. Elopement! Who lost their mind now?

M. Why, didn't you hear about it? Josie Walters and Hiram. Stole out when their ma and pa were at the movies.

L. Well I never—they're a good match. Both such worthless critters.

E. That just reminds me. Did you ever see such carryins-on as that class of 1920 of M. H. S. had at their reunion last week?

M. Warn't it the limit! And that fella that was a runnin' things all day. That Theodore Zuck. My, but he's a swell looking man since he was given the elegant position of ringmaster to Barnum and Bailey's circus.

E. Is that the circus that was here five years ago?

L. Why, yes, you know Robert Hecker is the chief clown and Mary Lois Smith is a beautiful lion tamer, only she paints too much. 'Spose they'll ever make a match?

M. Talkin' about matches—ain't it awful the way they've gone up? 8c a box.

L. I didn't mean that kind of matches. For

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instance the kind that George Lanius and Mildred Breese made.

M. Ain't that Milton Fahl and Naida Houser an ideal pair?

E. Wal, now, warn't that a purty dance Ruth Leffler gave! No wonder those Paris people like her so well!

M. And say, Luellie, by that speech Howard Allen gave, you surely can tell that he's a good preacher. If we had him at our church the congregation would come out every Sunday like they did last Christmas.

E. Yes. They always come fer a treat.

L. I bet he knows that Bible from start to finish.

E. Goodness me, that Carolyn Kalkbrenner surely lives up to the part she's playin'.

L. What's that?

M. Why' she's the star in "Giggles", that musical show that they're putting on now.

L. Yes, and Vallie Roderick and Audrey Simpson are costume designers in that same show. It must be a good one. If my comp hadn't run out, I could go now. Ain't that always the way?

E. Lawsy girls! There was something to that speech that Nathan Knauer made. Why Annie Mathews said that Sam Jones got a letter from his cousin what lives in a big city and he writ that he saw in the big paper that Louis Hubley manages that it's rumored Nathan's going to run for president.

M. Really? Well, say won't Bessie Conley think she's some smart when she gets him an' is the first lady of the land?

L. Gracious, could you understand what Melvina Summers and Merlin Stonebraker were talking about? I think people should talk so everybody could understand.

E. I wonder what it was. It wasn't Italian 'cause it didn't sound just like that man that called on Luella the other year.

M. Maybe it was Latin. I heard that they was star pupils in Latin and are now teaching it in a big city.

L. Girls, who were those three boys that had such beautiful muscular figures? Those that were boxing, I mean.

E. Oh! Two of 'em was Paul Ireys and Nelson Vigor, who played on the Yale teams and the other'n was Ronald Goodsell who they say is going to fight Jack Dempsey pretty soon. I believe he'll get licked, tho.

M. I think I could almost fall in love

with handsome men like them if it wouldn't have been for me knowing Joshua afore he went out west.

E. Mercy sakes, isn't there a difference between them ladies Virginia Haberman and Edythe Gunder?

L. Well, there oughta be. Edythe is a regular comedienne and Virginia is the Mary Pickford in the same company. I'd like to see them act.

M. Eliza, we just must go home so Luellie can get dinner but say,—isn't it funny how people do change? Now there's Quo Vadis Henderson and William Bland. Since they're married and living in England, they are so Englishified with their talking and glasses what have only one eye in them.

E. Goodness me, that Susan Guthery surely did chew the rag over nothing at that there reunion. I wonder if that's the way she wins all her cases. Somebody said she's an awful good lawyer.

L. Yes, and I thot I would bust my sides a laughin' when that man Robert Goodsell was banging on the piano.

M. Well maybe that's that classical music like Vivian Garster plays at the Alhambra Operi house; anyhow he has got pretty shiny hair.

E. Say are you goin' to that lecture of Theodore Moore's to-morrow night?

M. Well, I just been thinkin' that I wouldn't waste fifty cents to hear him agin as I heard him at the reunion.

L. I believe he oughta be purty good on the subject "Suffrage and the Franchise," so I guess I'll go anyhow.

E. Did you know that his secretary that always tells him what to say is Katherine Kunkle?

M. I'll bet Mildred Burnside's got her hands full teachin' them kindergarten kids all the time.

L. Well, Miranda, I believe that she won't have to worry much longer cause Edwin Martin seems awful nice to her.

M. And that reminds me don't that man Allen Middleton get a lot of money workin' in the Ford factory.

L. I'll bet he hands his pay envelope over to his wife, who used to be Delestill Hutchinson, at the door every Saturday night.

E. Harold Wise sang "Old Black Joe"

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awfully purty. It's a good thing Caruso retired before he got outdone.

M. Yes-siree, and Helen Gillis and Dorothy Oborn sang good too, accordin' to my taste. They're singing with the Metropolitan Company now.

L. Eliza, did you read the funny paper last week? Marion Hinklin thinks of the craziest things, don't he.

E. Juanita Miller's got a good position at the Post Office.

L. And say girls' aren't you anxious to see that picture than an English artist painted of Helen Schaad while she was in London?

M. Hasn't Richard Robinson a winning way about him? No wonder he's such a hit in "Bashful Dick."

E. Don't you think Carter Patten and Margaret Adams will make a nice pair when they get married.

L. An' girls, wasn't that an interesting talk that Mildred Zahn and Elsie Haynes gave about their Missionary work in India?

M. I kinda believe Dr. Robert Hamilton will go to India with them to practice medicine if they keep on a talkin' to him, don't you know?

E. Helen Brice must have an awful good imagination or she never could plan those hats for her Fifth Avenue shop.

L. She's got a good model too, Margaret Smith.

M. I believe, Eliza, that we better be a goin' home so Luellie can go to the sale.

L. Oh, never mind, it's too late now to go, all the bargains are picked over anyhow.

E. You know that new hotel that Helen Montgomery's puttin' up? Well she's going to run it on the European plan.

L. Humph! I don't see how she's gonna do that when she's never been to Europe.

M. That Bland Creasap is surely a woman hater. No wonder he's an old bachelor.

E. Wonder if them automobiles are any good that Ruth Ella Krautter is sellin'?

M. I don't know, but they make a awful lot of noise when they start up.

L. Don't you think that that new head-bookkeeper, Zelda Halderman, at the fifty cent store is a fine looking girl?

E. Yes, and I think Mildred Street, the floor walker of the one across the street is such a sweet little thing.

L. Goodness me, them dress makers, Alice

McClure and Elma Midlam surely are foxy hain't they?

M. Yes and think that Amy Porter who teaches gymnastics up to Bostin is some spry too, not mentioning that Lowell Dunathan who goes acrobatin' around all the time. He must be famous by this time.

E. By the way girls, Mildred Smith is sticking right to school teaching. She ought to be gettin' her pension pretty soon now.

L. That last book "Calico and Orange Blossoms" by Helen Keeler is awfully thrilling.

M. Girls, I'll tell you a secret. Last year I read the "Red Book" and there was the best short stories in it by Ruth Kleinmaier.

E. Lawsy me, Luellie, did you read in the paper about that suffragette, Arlouine Henney? She surely kin influence the folks ter give us our right, travelin' the kentry the way she does.

L. I guess I'll go to the movies to-night to see that Lucille Klingel in "Another Girl's Shoes." I just love her actin', because she don't try to put it on.

M. Say, I heard that Frank Weidemann is the judge in the court of Domestic relations. Ain't that killin'?

E. Yes, an' ain't Ruth Chapman the high fuluttin little thing, makin' all the boys notice her? Just watch next time you see her.

L. Ain't it swell that Clyde Richardson is so successful in his beanery.

M. Oh! Eliza, we just must be goin' home cause I forget to feed my cat this morning and Luellie kin go then.

L. Oh, no! you haven't made any stay a-tall yet. Just wait and I'll set out a piece now.

(Luella prepares it)

E. Yes, I rid up town last week on the street car and Reed Our showed me just where to sit and took my money. 'Spouse he was afraid I wouldn't pay.

M. Do tell! Well, when I got off the train t'other day, it was rainin' so hard that I had to take a taxi. A-hem! And who should be drivin' it but John Walters. I thought I'd just fly out of the roof when we went around corners.

L. Wonder if it's so that Arilla Burgraff and Zelda Terry is learnin' people that French talk down south?

M. Ain't it surprisin'?

E. Good gracious but that man Ralph May-

field is poplar! Why, he's president of a kentry club down to New York.

M. Estella Myers has got her cap set for Lawson Clark all righty, hasn't she? Well, she's a awful nice housekeeper and he sure knows how to run his laundry proper.

L. You know that Edna Kleinmaier was a studyn' interior ornamentin' in Philadelphia. Well, she quit that for a career when she got the position of chief window trimmer in Lem Slocum's general store in Espyville.

E. Say, but that sausage you're cookin' smells good, Luellie.

L. Yes, that's some that the sausage kings, Fred Baldauf and Howard Wetzel made. It oughta be good.

M. Girls, did you hear that new song, "Honk, Honk" that Dorothy Fetter and Irene Huhn wrote? They make a hit with their non-sensical popular music.

E. Wouldn't you like to see them baseball games that Oscar Long throws the ball for and Glades Swope catches them?

L. Yes, I saw their pictures in a paper with the other Bostin players what they call the "Red Stockin's."

M. Somebody was tellin' that a thief stole Helen Alheit's receipe for the last face powder she invented and she went to the secret detective, Clayborne Smoot and to the fortune

teller Madame Katherine Swisher but I guess they didn't know much about their business cause she couldn't find out who took it till she asked the Ouija board.

E. Are you gonna burn that new kind of artificial coal what Russel Bond is makin'?

L. Sure, and you just oughta try some of Milford Wyrick's new "Corn Cure." He's always figurin' out some new kind of patent medicine.

W. That last poem of Coe Leach's what was printed in the Bingville Bugle sure is a hum-dinger. I'd like to get a set of his poems.

M. Good land, girls! It was lucky that Fred Tschanen could be at the reunion before he had went to South America. I bet it would 10—7862—Stoneman.

be nice to be a ambassador to Chile. Wonder is it cold down there?

E. Did you hear about Professor Emerson Smith trying to see how much water it takes to get drunk on? He's drank 7 gallon at once so far but he aint got drunk yet. He thinks it'll take about 25.

M. That reminds me that my throat is kinda dry from talkin' so much and I s'pose Eliza's is too.

L. Weil, come on. I'll get the tin and we'll go out to the pump and get a drink.

(Exeunt)

Darts

Brownie—"Every time I sing the tears come to my eyes."

Freddie—"Stuff cotton in your ears."

Bland can't see Mary Ellen any more.
Why?

Only seven days in a week.

Miss Brown—"Harry, what is the difference between the railroads of 1830 and the railroads of to-day?"

Harry—"They were old-fashioned."

Mr. Kline—Cheney, what course do you expect to graduate in?

Cheney—Why probably in the course of of time.

"Where do you think you'll go after you die?", asked a preacher from a little boy one day when he was heard swearing.

"I don't care," replied the boy, "I would just as leave shovel coal as push clouds."

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Junior Class History

It was on an ideal day in September that an unorganized mass of raw material was presented for duty at the New High School Building. All the elements of greatness were buried in this great body, although it was utterly impossible at the time to recognize all our potential statesmen, orators, and United States presidents. Yet there was an undeniable look of brilliancy upon our eager countenances.

We, the Class of 1921 were entering the doors of an institution that is bound to have a great influence upon our lives. We claimed great satisfaction with the fact that we were entering the New High School Building with as much familiarity with the place as the Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors were. We are the first class that will graduate with four years work in the new building. Our honor demands that we establish a history for the classes to follow. With that thought in mind we utilized the first half of our Freshman year with diligent study and exclusion of all social events. At the end of the first half we thought that we were entitled to a position in high school affairs.

We organized by electing Frank Weeks, President; Harry Abbott, Vice-President; Miriam Smart, Secretary, and John Wiedeman, Treasurer. From that time on we played our part in high school affairs with a "push" and "pep" that made successful everything we attempted. We immediately distinguished ourselves by furnishing a man for the football squad. Although defeated in the interclass basketball tournament, nevertheless we demonstrated the sterling quality of future athletic material.

Our only social event was a class picnic held at Garfield Park. The forms of amusement were limited but we made the best of those available and above all, developed a

closer spirit of co-operation. We ended our Freshman year with a greater desire for taking up the life of Sophomores.

At the opening of our second year, Edwin Knachel was elected President; Bernice Pickering, Vice-President; Lester Watt, Secretary, and Margaret Johnston, Treasurer. We held two socials in the gym, which were fairly successful because of the support of every member of the class. We were represented on both the football and basketball squads, and a number of our classmates were in the Glee Clubs. Our class contributed in all war funds, and also took an active part in the campaigns. At the end of the year we held a picnic at Greenwood Lake which was enjoyed by everyone. We closed our Sophomore year with an eagerness to become Juniors.

We opened our Junior year by immediately organizing. The officers elected were: President, Paul Roush; Vice-President, Thomas Cooper; Secretary, Mary Kathryn Barnhart, and Treasurer, Frank Weeks. We held a Hallow'e'en Social and a Poverty Social in the gym. We delighted Marion by bringing the O. W. U. Glee Club here which was greatly appreciated by all. In our Junior year we were again represented on both the football and basketball squads. A large number made the Glee Clubs and we furnished three men for the triangle debate teams. But by far the largest and most successful event of the year was the Junior-Senior Banquet. This social event speaks for Junior ability. The last event of the year was our annual class picnic which was successful from every standpoint.

Our Junior year came to an end with some sadness, for we were to lose our advisors and close friends the Seniors. The burden of the school is now ours. With the same "pep" and spirit let us understand in the future that by helping others: *Altiora Quaerimus*.



iors

Pres. 1911

V. Pres. 1911

SECRETARY 1911

Treas. 1911





Jun

PAUL ROUSH

THOMAS COOPER

MARY KATHERINE J

FRANK WEEKS



Junior Roster

Abbott, Harry
Albrecht, Evelyn
Alder, Garnet
Anthony, Helen
Allmendinger, Fred
Askew, Theresa
Axhelm, Milton
Austin, Rhu
Bailer, Martha
Baldauf, Cecil
Barkalow, Russell
Barringer, Hallie
Barnhart, Janice
Barnhart, Mary Kathryn
Bechtel, Donald
Bechtel, Leonard
Berry, Chester
Boyer, Ardis
Brown, Ralph
Brewer, Clarence
Burtch, Floyd
Bachman, Paul
Bacon, Alfred
Carder, Irene
Cheney, Ralph
Cheney, Marion
Clendenen, Grace
Cobb, Gertrude
Conrad, Paul
Cook, LeMoyné
Cooper, Thomas
Courtright, Walton
Cowan, Margaret
Crawley, Hattie John
Cramer, Paul
Cunningham, Ferris
Danenbergh, Rutheda
Donaugh, Raymond
Dripps, Iva
Dumm, Marion
Durr, Frank
Ehrman, Harland
Epley, Ralph
Ferrer, Audrey

Fife, Samuel
Firstenberger, Marie
Fitts, Robert
Flocken, Frederick
Garster, Herbert
Haynes, Martha
Hedges, LaVerne
Hensel, Margaret
Herriot, Clyde
Hinklin, George
Holland, Helen
Howser, Minerva
Imbody, Sarah
Jacoby, Bird
Johnston, Margaret
Johnston, Marion
Kerr, Bernice
Klinefelter, Paul
Knauff, Marie
Knachel, Edwin
Knight, Morris
Lacher, Chester
Lawerence, Ferdinand
Lenz, Kathryn
Lingo, Pauline
Luellen, Frank
Magoney, Lucille
Martin, Ralph
Mantz, Lloyd
Merchant, John
Messenger, Donald
Moon, Berdetta
Moore, Vera
Morrow, Lena
Myers, John
Myers, LaVerne
McCombs, Earl
McMahan, Wanda
Newhorter, Marion
Neal, Louise
Orians, Bertha
Ours, Clifford
Overly, Ruth Ellen
Ovens, John

Overfield, Karl
Packer, Steven
Paster, John
Pennock, Mary
Phillman, Fread
Pickering, Bernice
Pickering, Pauline
Richards, Dwight
Richardson, Ethel
Riley, Dorothy
Rinnert, Pearl
Roush, Paul
Ruhlman, Irene
Schott, Theodore
Schultz, Lucille
Seiter, Eugene
Sherwood, Owen
Shoemaker, Dwight
Sloan, Katherine
Smart, Miriam
Smith, Elizabeth
Smith, Helen
Smith, Mary May
Smith, Waide
Smith, Wayne
Spencer, Marion
Starr, Ruth
Stout, Florence
Swisher, Mildred
Thompson, Howard
Thorpe, Thelma
Uhler, Florence
Uline, Kenneth
Uncapher, Isabel
Uncapher, Margaret
Weeks, Frank
Wiedeman, John
Williams, Harry
Weikert, Mabel
Wilson, Elizabeth
Woodruff, Clara
Woodruff, John
Yazel, Clifford

MARION HIGH SCHOOL





History of the Class of '22

No one can describe the awful feeling of hope, fear, and apprehension that filled us—the Class of '22—as we meekly file, all two hundred and forty of us, into the East Hall on that fateful morning in September, 1918. We recall in memory the first awkward weeks. There, with a rush, the “green” feeling dropped off, and we realized that we belonged to the student body of M. H. S.

Our first year was hindered by the flu, but after the mid-term holidays we elected our first officers.

Then followed the first Freshman social held in the new High School building. At the close of the school year we had picnics by classes, and the first year of our career in M. H. S. passed into memory.

In 1919 we came back a goodly crew and were soon settled down to work. We had a large representative body on the gridiron, and were not wholly overlooked in the basketball squad. Our class team was defeated, but it put up a fight that makes us proud to say it really was our team.

Our first class activity under our new officers was a Hallowe'en Social that proved a great success. Another social and a class picnic closed our social year, and we took leave of each other, to meet again as Juniors, full of pep and talent, and to make another notch in the record of a class that we are determined shall be one of Marion High's best.



more

President
Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer





Soph

NEWELL MINARD
LORAIN BRASHAR
DORIS BONDIEY
JOHN McNEAL



Sophomore Roster

Amman, Elizabeth
 Ankney, Lenora
 Barnhill, Frank
 Barthelemew, Myron
 Beadle, Paul
 Beers, Alva
 Besler, Katherine
 Bell, Harry
 Bensley, Mildred
 Betz, Isabel
 Biddle, Lucile
 Bland, Marguerite
 Blue, Mabel
 Bondley, Doris
 Brady, Katherine
 Brashares, Loraine
 Buckley, Dorothy
 Burgin, Emily
 Burnside, Marian
 Callahan, Lucille
 Canan, Edna
 Carter, Lelia
 Carey, Dawn
 Case, Carlton
 Charter, Milford
 Clark, Mildred
 Conley, Marian
 Crawford, Isabell
 Creasap, Margeurite
 Creasap, Nellie
 Cull, Florence
 Davis, William
 Deardorff, Marie
 Dombaugh, Karl
 Evans, Howard
 Ewing, Lucille
 Fail, Hazel
 Fox, Dorothy
 Geer, Howard
 Glasgow, Gretta
 Greshel, Helen
 Grubaugh, Esther
 Haldenean, Mildred
 Hall, Harold
 Hall, Hazel
 Hartman, Ruth
 Harper, Harold
 Hedges, Geraldine

Herring, Thelma
 Hinamon, Louise
 Hollinger, Virginia
 Hornby, Imo
 Heyde, Mary
 Holverstott, Grace
 Jacoby, Helen
 Kellog, Harold
 Kennedy, Edwin
 Kenyon, Bertha
 Kerr, Theodore
 King, Edwin
 King, John
 Klingle, Harold
 Lacher, Fay
 Lamborn, Leroy
 Latimore, Mozella
 Lawrence, Josephine
 Layman, Orley
 Lenz, Gertrude
 Lott, Bonnie
 Lower, Hoyt
 McClaskey, Mabel
 McClenathen, Mary Ellen
 McCombs, Stanley
 McCurdy, Harold
 McCurdy, Thelma
 McDonald, Helen
 McMurry, Ruth
 McNeal, John
 Mahaffey, Nina
 Mayfield, Ivan
 Markert, Ruth
 Mayer, Thelma
 Mendenhall, Goldie
 Midlam, Clifford
 Midlam, Lowell
 Miller, Esther
 Miller, Katheryn
 Minard, Newell
 Mitchell, James
 Mitchell, Mildred
 Monnette, Kenneth
 Moser, Harold
 Mulvaine, Mildred
 Nash, Charles
 Neal, Paul
 Oborn, Edna

O'Dowd, Mary
 Overley, Ruth
 Pennel, Helen
 Pollock, Zoe
 Postle, Albert
 Price, Florence
 Quaintance, Ethel
 Ralston, Nellie
 Reidenbaugh, Clara Louise
 Reed, Estelle
 Riddle, Bernice
 Riddle, Mae
 Riley, Pauline
 Rinehart, Naomi
 Roedker, Wilma
 Rudolph, Kathryn
 Ruhl, Mildred
 Schneider, Robert
 Snyder, Wilbert
 Spain, Florraine
 Sparks, Nona
 Speece, Amy
 Spatts, Mildred
 Spragg, Franklin
 Spring, Elto
 Staub, Paul
 Stengel, Aruride
 Sutton, Ray
 Swindler, Zelma
 Swindler, Florence
 Tanner, Dorthy
 Tate, Myrtle
 Thatcher, Roscoe
 Thew, Mildred
 Tonguette, Mary
 Trout, Mildred
 Tumbleson, Gertrude
 Tuttle, Pearl
 Watkins, Ioris
 Wetteraur, Donald
 Wetzel, Virgil
 Williams, Gladys
 Winters, Helen
 Wintringham, Jeanne
 Woessner, Matthew
 Zahn, Robert



FRESHMEN

by R. Hamdani





Class History

It would be an indignity to all verdure to say that our own shimmering greenery is still in the process of development. We have traveled our gauntlet as perilous Freshmen in a masterly fashion, but our success in this journey has been due largely to our worthy pilot, Robert Gunder and his assistants. True the faculty have assisted us in our dangerous thoroughfares and particularly troublesome places, but in our chief trials we have withstood harsh and embarrassing treatment with true M. H. S. spirit.

In our more idle hours we have enjoyed a social and similar diversions. But these have been no detriment to our mental and physical strength for we have bravely struggled for the championship in inter-class basketball and debate. Is this not the aforementioned true M. H. S. spirit and pep? So here's to our safe and happy journey through Sophomore-dom, so say we all of us.

Freshman Roster

Agnew, Norma
Allen, Gilman
Allnut, Louis
Applegate, Paul
Apt, Mildred
Bachelder, Perry
Baker, Sheldon
Balmer, Mabel
Barrett, Thelma
Bauchman, Grace
Bausman, Florence
Beadle, Alonzo
Bell, Pauline
Biddle, Ruth
Biersdorfer, Marie
Bigley, Paul
Boger, Marguerite
Boise, Agatha
Bonner, James

Bowers, Helen
Braden, Ernest
Brashares, Bert
Brickley, Daniel
Briggs, Lotus
Brobeck, Olive
Bryan, Margaret
Buffington, Glenna
Burke, Charles
Burkalew, Vera
Chambers, Herbert
Chamberlain, Ruth
Chapman, Richard
Chase, Hallie
Cheney, Rhu
Chenoweth, Rosten
Cilley, Edward
Clark, Thelma
Clinger, Mildred

Clutter, Kenneth
Coakley, Faye
Cocherl, Donald
Cocherl, John
Conklin, LeRoy
Conklin, Marguerite
Cook, Mildred
Corwin, Lillian
Creasap, Walter
Crow, Mildred
Cull, Evalona
Culp, Mary
Cunningham, Miriam
Cunningham, James
Davis, Bertha
Davis, Pauline
Dawson, Mirl
Drake, Mildred
Duerr, Louise



CHCH

President
Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer





Fres

ROBERT G. NIDER
EDWIN SPOHN..
MARGARET KEELER
ELMOR STARR

MARION HIGH SCHOOL

Duffery, John
 Dulin, Claribel
 Dumm, Byron
 Dunathan, Mary
 Ebling, Viola
 Emick, Bessie
 Epley, Reid
 Evans, Robert
 Evans, Russell
 Farley, Ferrel
 Felter, Edna
 Flfe, William
 Ford, Inez
 Foreman, Freda
 Forrest, Leona
 Fox, Vaughan
 Glosser, Catherine
 Glosser, Eastabrook
 Goodyear, Erma
 Graff, Avis
 Griffin, Wesley
 Gunder, Robert
 Gustin, William
 Guthery, Annie
 Haas, Margaret
 Hall, Lois
 Harruff, George
 Hatcher, Edith
 Haynes, Dorothy
 Hecker, Kathryn
 Heller, Kathryn
 Henry, Irene
 Hite, Effie
 Hite, Goldie
 Hoagland, Karl
 Howser, Paul
 Hughes, Dale
 Hughes, Merle
 Huston, Gladys
 Johnston, Charlotte
 Jones, Dorothy
 Jones, Lorene
 Jones, Charles
 Kashner, Eulalia
 Keeler, Margaret
 Keller, Dorothy
 Keener, Grace
 Kerr, Carroll
 Kester, Alice
 Klehm, Ray
 Knachel, Lucille
 Kochensperger, Frank
 Kochensperger, Harold
 Kohler, John
 Lantz, Edwin
 Larimore, Clark
 Lawrence, William
 Leeka, Warren
 Levien, Wesley

Lewis, Juanita
 McAfee, Grace
 McClure, Anna
 McDaniel, Glenna
 McGinty, Lula
 McWherter, Vermamae
 Mack, Leroy
 Manahan, Francis
 Martin, Katharine
 Meister, Warren
 Messenger, Arthur
 Mesenger, Colonel
 Messenger, Edgar
 Messenger, Margaret
 Metcalf, Donald
 Middleton, Ralph
 Miller, Geneva
 Miller, Robert
 Montgomery, Ethel
 Moon, Minnie
 Morris, Hazel
 Morris, Mildred
 Morrison, John
 Muntsinger, John
 Noble, Chester
 Noyes, Juanita
 Noyes, Thelma
 Nye, Hester
 Oborn, Caroline
 Orr, Crystall
 Ovens, Amy
 Pangborn, Lola
 Pangborn, Kenneth
 Pangborn, Lowell
 Parcher, Harold
 Parcher, Wayne
 Parratt, Clareld
 Patton, Donald
 Pennell, Ruth
 Penry, Glen
 Pickett, Lester
 Pinyard, Ruth
 Ralston, James
 Rapp, Harlan
 Rech, Roxie
 Rech, Herman
 Regan, Pauline
 Reiff, Mehrlle
 Reid, Pauline
 Rettig, Mary
 Richards, James
 Richardson, Helen
 Riley, Frank
 Rinnert, Henry
 Roby, Helen
 Romoser, Hildreth
 Royer, Pauline
 Sautter, Marion
 Schaffer, William

Schneider, Edith
 Schoonover, Ada
 Scott, Richard
 Seas, Raymond
 Sheneman, Basil
 Shepherd, Leonard
 Shetterly, Marion
 Shetterly, Earl
 Shield, Donald
 Shoots, Dorothy
 Shrock, Harry
 Shupp, Richard
 Sifritt, Robert
 Slawson, Ilo
 Sloan, Donald
 Smart, Homer
 Smith, Arthur
 Smith, Fred
 Smith, Kenneth
 Smith, Helen
 Smith, Lucille
 Smithson, Elizabeth
 Snyder, Clarence
 Spohn, Edwin
 Spring, Madge
 Starr, Elmon
 Strine, Perry
 Stury, Homer
 Terry, Lillian
 Thomas, Florence
 Thompson, Edythe
 Tonguett, Donald
 Tyler, Ethel
 Tyler, Sylvia
 Uhl, Robert
 Uline, Glenden
 Van Buskirk, Golda
 Vestal, Alice
 Wade, Harriet
 Walker, Geneva
 Walter, Kenneth
 Warner, Dorothy
 Warner, William
 Welch, Faydell
 Whaley, Emma Marie
 Whaffler, Catherine
 Wiant, Wendell
 Williamson, Ether
 Williams, Arthur
 Winfield, Helen
 Wintermute, Edward
 Wolfe, Glenna
 Woodruff, Frank
 Woy, Harvey
 Yazel, Arthur
 Yeager, Frank
 Young, Harvey
 Zachman, Herman
 Zeller, Marie



Red and Black

"Hey, Spud, you Irish rum-hound, where's my shoes?" Salt was wildly pulling clothes from his bag and heaping them on the deck, erstwhile addressing various remarks to the underworld, and Spud Murphy, in particular.

"How duh I know? If youse wouldn't be leaving your gear layin' around, you might have sompin' once in a while. But go and get your leave papers signed, and I'll borrow a pair from Booker. He just drew a pair."

In fifteen minutes the last leave party shoved off and unless Salt found his shoes, he would be out of luck. It was the only presentable pair he had.

"Well, Salt, 'bout set?" said Heine, his friend, coming up. "We only got about 10 minutes yet. Better shake a leg."

"Aw, I had me shoes in Spud's bag and now ther gone. It he don't get 'em, God help him that's all. Say, Heine, get some cigarettes at the canteen while I get these leave papers signed, will you? You know these Limey cigarettes are no good."

Salt and Heine, inseparable friends, were physical complements. The one, Salt, was tall, thin-faced, innocent looking, blue-eyed and tow headed. Heine was short and stocky, good natured and somewhat paternal in his attitude toward Salt, who was nine years his junior.

They had been looking forward to this leave for the past eight dreary months since they had been in England, and now that the time had come, it seemed almost too good to be true.

Thus 3 a. m. the next morning found them staring through the fog in London, and a policeman directing them to a hotel near the heart of the city. After frequent inquiries, they were finally sleeping peacefully in a real bed.

The following morning they met the day about 10 a. m., and Salt remarked, "It's eight months since we've hit the beach. Oh, boy, I feel like a new man already. No more coalin, paintin', scrubbin' decks or answering calls or reveille for seven days. To make a man appreciate heaven, just give him a touch of hell or a gob's life. Rise and shine, sailor, I'm hungry."

They issued forth after breakfast somewhat overawed by the queer, winding, narrow streets which were jammed with traffic weaving in and out in a bewildering fashion.

The Eagle Hut, American service men's headquarters, proved a delightful haven after the hardships of the ship. Leather chairs, divans, poolrooms, rest rooms, reading rooms, showers and girls who attended the wants of the men were in evidence everywhere.

"Some place, eh?" said Salt. "Look at that dame over there at the book stand. I think I'll stay around here awhile, I'm sort of tired."

"Allright, guess we might as well loaf around here awhile," said Heine, and found himself a book and a leather chair where he was quite at home.

Salt, finding the "dame" at the book stand quite used to the wiles of such as he, decided to take a walk. Saunter along the Strand, he came to a stop at Charring Cross Station, where some wounded soldiers were being taken from the trains. He was aroused from watching the long rows of ambulances by a touch on the arm and a soft voice saying:

"Hello, Sailor!"

"Hello, why" - - - He was amazed to find a strikingly pretty girl standing at his side, evidently interested in the American navy.

"Do—do you live here?" was all he could manage to say.

"Oh, yes. I always have, how long have

you been here?" She remarked as their steps soon turned to the Stall, a movie house. Salt wondered at his good fortune and the girl even seemed delighted to be with so distinguished a personage as an American sailor.

Salt was rather unsophisticated, as he had just emerged from high school before he joined the navy, but he was game and having scarcely seen a woman in the last six months, decided to enjoy the situation.

Had we come upon Salt and his friend that night, we might have found them in a little back room of a modest restaurant. We would have seen the back of Salt's flat hat and perhaps noticed that he needed a haircut, as long strands of hair protruded from beneath its edges. A pair of arms not belonging to Salt evidently were bent on possessing him. Long intervals of silence more eloquent than words prevailed the place. Salt had fallen.

Heine, sleeping peacefully, was suddenly awakened by a jab in the ribs and someone yelling:

"Hey, guy, what do you think, I'm gonna be married. Met the swellest dame this afternoon, gave her the once over, and she fell right away. Better start saving your dough for a wedding present."

"Aw, pipe down and let a guy sleep," came the uninterested reply.

"Aw, you old dried up squirt, I ain't kiddin' you, I'm gonna be married, I tell you." And at this Salt exuberantly pitched his trousers into the corner.

"You sure got it bad, but I got to heave out at six tomorrow to go on a sight-seeing tour, so go to sleep and forget it."

Salt heaved out the next morning, jumped into his clothes and went down to breakfast. As the thoughts of the previous evening passed through his mind a smile kept growing upon his face until he quite threatened to ruin himself. He had a date for the next night and the lady of his choice had told him where she worked if he cared to drop in

But in a few minutes his joy received a cruel blow, for upon intending to pay for his breakfast he made the amazing discovery that his money was gone. Gone! Except for a ten shilling which had been detached from the rest. He hurriedly paid for his breakfast and went up to his room searching every nook and corner of it, but to no avail. The money was not to be found.

It was a blue sailor that sat on his bed. There was nothing to do but to go back to the ship or go fifty-fifty with Heine and he wouldn't do that. They wouldn't have enough to last.

Suddenly he remembered the girl. But such an innocent and sweet looking girl could never have taken his money. He remembered, though, that he had not seen it since he had been with her. Then he recalled the warnings he had received about such things. Tricked, made a simp of, and worse than all, a perfectly good leave ruined.

He would go to see the girl. Maybe she was only playing a joke on him. He never could tell Heine. If they heard about it on the ship, they would kid the life out of him.

Upon going to the address where she said she worked, he suddenly remembered he had never asked her name. After looking through the place and seeing nothing of her he became more convinced that he had been tricked.

Still, in his heart he did not believe she could have done it.

Heinie came upon Salt setting in the hut smoking innumerable cigarettes and looking as though he had just shipped over for four more years.

"Want to go to the show, Salt?" said Heine after telling of his day of sight-seeing.

"Naw, ain't feelin' very well."

"Come on. Oh, I suppose you've got a date with your wife. You might tell me about it. I ain't going to beat your time." With that Heine left for the show.

"Aw, hell!" was all Salt said.

In bed that night Salt finally resolved upon a plan which might free his mind from any uncertainty he had regarding the girl. He had never met a girl he liked better, but yet he had been—Well, his money was gone.

"I know, I'll send Heine to keep my date for tomorrow night. If she shows up and is crooked, she'll nab his roll and if she doesn't show up, I'll know she is anyway."

He had to invent a pretext for sending Heine in his place. This wasn't easy to do for one having made such amorous statements as he had would not be likely to send another fellow to keep his date.

So the next morning he broached the subject at the Hut.

"Say, Heine, what would you do if your girl didn't kiss you goodnight?"

"Oh, that's what's worrying you is it? Well, cheer up, no girl ought to be blamed for not wanting to kiss you. I wouldn't want to myself," said Heine.

"Crackin' wise again, but I'm in earnest," lied Salt. "Last night I had a date and though she seemed glad enough to do it the night before she wouldn't at all last night. Now, I think maybe she just felt patriotic the first night or maybe she don't love me and it might be just customary over here in England. So I want you to keep my date with her tonight and if she kisses you good-night, I'll know its just customary and maybe she don't love me at all.

He could think of no other plea to get Heine to do this without arousing his suspicions.

"But what if she does?" said Heine, liking the plan not a little, if Salt's description of her was true.

"Well, if she does, I'll know it is just a natural thing to do over here, and besides," he thought to himself, "she won't if she likes me, and if Heine looses his roll, I'll know she's crooked. So I have nothing to loose."

"And you'd better go easy at first as you

don't know her and don't get real fresh right off the bat. Kinda get acquainted first. She's got real black hair and wore a red cape."

"Say, by the way you had better leave most of your money at the desk here, you know in a burg like this a fellow might loose it, or get klucked on the head. I've left most of mine there. Kin I borrow a pound. I don't want to bother the desk for such a small amount.

"Sure, here it is. A good idee. I'll keep a couple of pounds out, we might want to go to the show. Where and when am I to meet her?" said Heine.

Salt gave fitting instructions. "Now, don't forget she's got black hair and wears a red cape, you'll know her the minute you see her."

So in due time Heine issued forth. This was sort of romantic and Heine felt not a little confidence in his ability with the girls.

"I'll get that kiss or else go back to the ship where I belong. Just watch me."

Salt could scarcely curb his impatience to know how Heine fared and decided to stay up and wait until he returned.

Heine found the place alright, but no girl was there so he decided to wait. Soon a girl entered and smiled at him, but American sailors were always an object of interest so it might have meant nothing.

Heine did not think of this, but walked over and sat at the table where she was and started to explain how his friend could not come and that he would be glad to take her to a show in his place.

"Oh, you want me to go to the show, but I don't know you," she said.

"Oh, that's alright, I am Salt's friend and everything will be all O. K.

Oh, you're Salt's friend," she said somewhat bewildered, "You mean you're a sailor," thinking his reference to Salt referred to the navy. "You Americans are so funny, but what does O. K. mean?"

Thereupon he explained, not much to her

satisfaction, and they finally proceeded to the show.

After the show, they came back to the restaurant. Heine had been telling wonderful stories of America, and was saying:

"Yes, America is a wonderful place, except they haven't got pretty girls there like here," looking meaning at her.

"Oh, they haven't?" blushing.

"Yep, if I had a girl like you to take back with me, well, I'd—I'd—say girlie, I'm strong for you; as soon as I first set eyes on you I knew it. Do you think you would like to go back to America with me?"

"Well, I don't know, my friend is going to marry an American sailor and go with him to America. Maybe we could go together."

"Umm-m-m-m-m!"

Heine left walking on air, and feeling, well you know how it is.

"She was some dame allright, no wonder Salt fell. But who would marry a kid like him, anyway. No wonder she wouldn't let him kiss her. I'll bet he never tried and just wanted to find out whether she would or not."

Salt met Heine at the hotel and rushing up asked:

"Did she?"

"I say, say boy you're out o'luck, I'm going to marry her myself," said Heine.

"Hey, loan me another pound will you?" asked Salt.

"Say, you're spending lots of money lately. You had better draw some of your own." He reached first in one pocket and then in another, but found nothing. A triumphant look crept into Salt's eyes. Heine had been stung too. "Now he won't have anything on me," he thought.

Heine nervously reached to another pocket and then pulled out a pound note and some change.

"Here you are."

A look of disappointment and then of gladness came on Salt's face.

"Then she's square after all, but then the thought of what Heine had done struck him."

"Oh, I guess I won't need it after all seein's that's all you've got." But say, about the girl, maybe she did kiss you but that may only be customary, she's mine, I tell you."

"Is she? I guess you know she's promised to marry me, and I really love her. Besides, I got a date for tomorrow night."

Salt sank back on the bed with a groan. "Fool that I was to have suggested such a thing."

He took one of his shoes off and heaved viciously at the wall.

"What in the dickens?" exclaimed Heine, "but look here," and he picked up a crumpled wad of bills.

"That's a great place to leave your money, in your shoes, I thought you left it at the hut?"

Salt scarcely believing what he saw, took the money, jumped into bed and Heine could not get anything out of him the rest of the evening.

In the morning he decided the best thing to do was to tell Heine everything, and after telling him how he lost his money said:

"I lied about leaving it at the Hut, but what worries me is how it got into my shoe."

"Oh, I remember now. You know that morning I went on a sight-seeing tour? Well, I saw your trousers lying in a heap in the corner with this wad beside them. Not wanting to wake you I put it in your shoe thinking you'd find it in the morning."

"Didn't you know these darn shoes are three sizes too big? Didn't you know that I had borrowed them. Darn Spud Murphy anyway. If he hadn't lost my shoes this would never have happened."

"It's better than losing it, ain't it?" said Heine.

"I mean about the girl. Say, Heine I'm a

square guy. If she likes you better, allright. You know she promised to marry me too. Well, go and ask her to choose between us in the morning."

Heine reluctantly agreed upon this plan, so that evening found them on their way.

Two girls were sitting at a table in the restaurant and upon seeing Salt and Heine enter they arose one taking Heine's hand and saying:

"I'd like you to meet my friend Julia Rider."

But Julia was looking reproachfully at Salt, and said:

"You weren't here last night as you said you'd be."

"But - - - But didn't Heine see you?"

"No, he was with Julia and you didn't come at all. I wanted Julia to meet you last night, but she left before I came."

"Say, Heine, you big prune, wasn't this the girl you was with last night?"

"You said she had red hair and a black coat didn't you?" said Heine.

"Naw, I said she had black *black* hair and a red coat."

A silence fell upon the party and then they all laughed. Heine looked dumb-founded at Julia's red hair and black coat and the black hair and red cape of Salt's little friend.

"Well, I'll be ——"

"No, you won't," said Heine. "Where do you think you're at? Home?"

A few months might have found two sailors sitting upon ditty boxes each gazing earnestly at a photograph.

The silence was only interrupted by the creaking of the rudder as it groaned back and forth, directing their zigzag course, and the crash of the waves as they pounded monotonously against the ship's side, while the faint throbbing of the engines offered a subdued accompaniment.

"Them was the good, old days," sighed a reminiscent voice.

You tell 'em kid, them was the happy days."

To Kiss the Cross

I am in the convalescent ward of an American hospital, somewhere in sunny France. There are many cots in this ward filled with eager soldiers who expect to set sail for home. I, too, have that hope to which I cling, home, life, and mother. But thoughts of home bring memories of my pal Jimmy, who played the game and lost. His real name was Hugh Dauer, but we fellows at school named him Jimmy, and it always stuck. He wasn't hand some like you read about in story books, and yet he was striking in appearance and as true as the stars above.

I remember when we were just little chap attending a country school, how we fellows de-

cided it would be great sport to put a little field mouse in the teacher's desk. Jimmy was there when the prank was suggested, but he didn't say anything, and so Joe spoke up and said: "Hev, Jimmy, 'aint you in on this?"

I saw him him take a step forward and say, "Naw, I guess not Joe. I don't believe in deviling women."

"You 'aint afraid?"

"No, I'm no baby."

"You won't squeel on us?" Joe questioned.

"I'm no tattler, Joe."

Well, that noon we were all in our seats when the seats when the teacher opened up her desk and let out an awful cry, and then

climbed up on her chair. After we boys had all gotten sticks and killed the poor creature she got down and looked angrily over the room, and then her gaze fell on Jimmy.

"You did this Hugh?"

"No, Mam," the boy replied, rising.

"You know who did?"

"Yes, Mam."

"You will give me the names?" she asked questioninglly.

"No, Mam, I'm sorry."

"Sit down, stay in this recess."

Well, he stayed in that recess, and a good many others and as many noons. I'm just telling you this so you can see what kind of a fellow Jimmy was. Then we went to college, and all during our years there, our friendship never waned. Here Jimmy was the center of all athletics, social and musical attractions. I remember the day the Lusitania was sunk. I had gone up town, and hearing the news I bought a paper and hurried back. I ran up to my chum's rooms, opened the door, and then stopped half amused and half angry. Sitting on the bed were a group of young fellows, all playing stringed instruments and singing. Jimmy was the center of the group.

"Boneheads," I flung at them, "put aside your toys, an American ship has been sunk."

They read the paper and did not seem much impressed, all but Jimmy. I saw horror fill his clear, blue eyes as he unconsciously murmured, "Women and children. Innocent women and children."

He told all the fellows to go but me, and we sat down and talked it over, and decided that if volunteers were called for we would go. Well they were, we enlisted, were put in the same company, and as luck would have it, were together until the last big drive, and then Jimmy went West, and left me alone.

Just a few days before that fatal drive, we got a two-days' furlough and went to a little French village behind the lines. We were walking leisurely along, when we heard an old

man cry, "Air raid," and the few people on the streets began to hurry to safety. The attack did not amount to much as the place was pretty well guarded. As we stood there beneath cover, a bomb exploded and tore up the earth around us. A fragment of something hit a little child on the head and with a feeble cry she fell to the ground. Jimmy was the first one to her, and he had her in his arms when a frantic mother broke through the crowd. Jimmy carried her to what was left of their home, and when we left he pressed his payroll in the woman's hand. Outside he said to me, "War is awful, isn't it Dick?"

There were a lot of lonesome fellows at the Y. M. C. A. that night. Jimmy set down and at first just idly fingered the keys, and then the notes became chords, and Home Sweet Home softly, tenderly filled the hall. He began to sing, I joined with him; one by one others followed, and the building fairly rang with the lonesome, heartfelt cry for home. That night before we left we each sat down and wrote a letter which began, "Dear Mother."

The next day we went back to the trenches, and that night we were ordered over the top. The battle was short, but fearfully fought, and another enemy trench was ours. I had gotten separated from Jimmy in the fight, and when we were in our newly won headquarters, I discovered that he was missing. I got permission to go with the first aid party which crawled out into No Man's Land, and the day was gently breaking over that pitiful stretch when I found him. As he lay there with his head towards the heavens, I realized that he was dying. I knelt by his side, and took him in my arms, and when he smiled, I asked, "Anything I can do Jimmy?"

"Write mother, Dick, and - - - and - - -an

"What else Jimmy?"

"Sing the Rosary, Dick."

It seemed like a peculiar request, and yet he

had once said, "If ever there was a song that can touch a man's heart, it is the Rosary."

I sang the first two stanzas, and when I came to the last two lines,

"To kiss the Cross, Sweetheart

To kiss the Cross."

he joined with me in his full, rich tenor. He lay very still for a while, and then his eyes opened and he said to me, "To kiss the cross— That's you and I Dick, and a task for every

soldier." His voice grew fainter as he said the last, and with a little smile and a half murmured "Dick," he became still.

That was all. They buried him in an American cemetery "Somewhere in France," with a small wooden cross at the head bearing the simple inscription, Hugh Dauer, and under that, "To Kiss the Cross."

VIVIAN GARSTER, '20.

Le Senior Fairie Tayle Ze Kesska

By PARRA GORRICK

Once upon a time, there lived a *Wise* old King, who was *Harold*-ed throughout the realm as a just ruler, and who, because of his *Vigor*-ous management of the affairs of his kingdom, was much beloved by all his subjects.

On this particular afternoon (February 29, 800 C. O. D.) the sun was *Tschanen* brightly, and a gentle *Breeze Russell*-ed the leaves of the library table at which King *Howard* was sitting. King *Howard* had enjoyed more than four-score *Summers*, and he longed for something to do other than sit and *Reed* for *Ours* during his weary afternoons. In fact, King *Howard* was beginning to feel *All-en* and he wanted some new amusement. So, calling his favorite courtier, *Ralph*, to him, he ordered him to fetch the *Martin* which nested in the *Mayfield*, one thousand miles away. *Ralph* knew that the King had long coveted this queer bird and immediately began forming plans in his head of how he would dash through the *Vallie* and *Glades* and *Swope* down on the *Martin*. So he ordered out his *Haynes* *Swope*-about and started on his journey. Little he realized what hindrances were in store for him.

Ralph had traveled scarcely three miles

when *Juanita*, the black-eyed daughter of a *mexican Miller*, and *Merlin*, the stately beauty whose father has the village *Stonebraker*, stopped his car and asked, "*Quo Vadis?*" But as *Ralph* could not *Terry*, he gave a short answer and proceeded.

A little distance ahead, he caught sight of *Zelda*, who told him she had *Hald-e-man* in a *Patton*-ted *Cart-er* some other such contraption, for such a *Long* distance, that she could really go no further. *Ralph*, who realized that the *Cart* would be a *Goodsell-er* if it worked right, took *Zelda*, bag and baggage, into his *Haynes*. As they neared the little *Burg* called *Graff*, they noticed the two *Klein* girls stuck in the *Maier*. *Ralph*, who was not only a devoted and loyal subject, but also a polite and courteous gentleman, helped these two distressed maidens out of the mud-hole. But in doing so, he ruined the *Crease-up* his trousers.

However, he dashed on through the *Burg* called *Graff* and on into *Middleton*. Here he was hailed by *Amy*, a saucy little Irish girl, who shrieked out at him, "Hey, *Houser* old *Haynes?* Don't yer *Naida* new one? I'd just as soon own a *Oss-car* as that." *Ralph* being very proud of his car, was mad enough

to *Keeler*, (!) but he kept straight on his course. Further one, lying under the *Schaad* of a tree on *Mildred Street*, whom should he see but *Milton*, the *Simp-son* of the sour-*Krautter*, playing with an acrobatic *Leach*. (Imagine it, Mrs. Southworth!)

So Ralph, who was not only a devoted and loyal subject, a *Bland* and courteous gentleman, but also a cruel and ravenous wretch, grabbed the *Leach* and tied it to the carburetor. With that he proceeded chromtically on his way.

But *Milton* was not in the least vexed, for he got up and gaily *Carolyn* "Old *Virginia*," tripped lightly down the *Kalkbrenner*, one of the fashionable courts of *Mildred Street*. In the meantime, Ralph had been stopped by a man who seemed to be *Alheit* and who had *Bald-auf* his head because his wife *Margareta-dams* the river and will not let the little fishes swim a past. The fish get stuck in the dam and he is afraid the sun will *Burn* the *Sides* of their *Gill(i)s*. That would be worse than *Helen* Spanish. (Paregorically speaking.)

But Ralph could not be bothered with such trivial affairs, so grabbing a can of *Smoot*

which the *Clay* had *Borne*, he threw it full in the face of the man who was *Alheit*. This made the man angry and black thoughts appeared all over his face. The *Smoot* had did its worst. But now Ralph began to see that if he didn't hurry, he would *Fahl* in his mission. So he shoved into high, only to get stuck in more *Myers*. While delaying here, *Richard*, the *Porter*, and *Richard's-on*, *Clyde*, drove up in their new half-*Nelson*, bringing unpleasant news. *Estella*, the King's daughter insisted on seeing *Theodore Moore* than any other suiter. The King had put her in the *Lo-well* under the *Dunathan* for ten days.

Ralph had had quite a serious accident with his car,—one *Hub-ley* in the road, but he must hasten on. He let it lie. He was assisted on his way by a *Frank*-looking man, who turned out to be the *Wiedemann*, a gardener to the *TripleSmiths*. Finally he captured the *Martin* in the *Vallie* which runs through the *May-field*. And so remembered the *Bonds* and *Fetters* by which he was bound to allegiance to his king, he returned home and he's had three meals a day ever since. He didn't get married.

Darts

Miss Brown—"In what way has transportation been improved in recent years?"

Lucille—"Kiddie Kars."

Father—"Gladys, does that young man of yours know how to say goodnight?"

Gladys—"Well rather, Dad."

Creasap—"Say, do you know that fellow over there?"

Scoop—"Sure, he sleeps next to me in Civics."

Sophomore English—"In what condition was Julius Caesar at the end of his life?"

"Dead," was the reply from the back of the room.

"Pop," inquired little Clarence Lillywhite, "what am a millenium?"

"Sho!" said his parent. "Doan you know what a millenium am, chile? It's just about de same as a centennial, only it's got more legs."

Russ Bond—"Say, have Gooseberries got legs?"

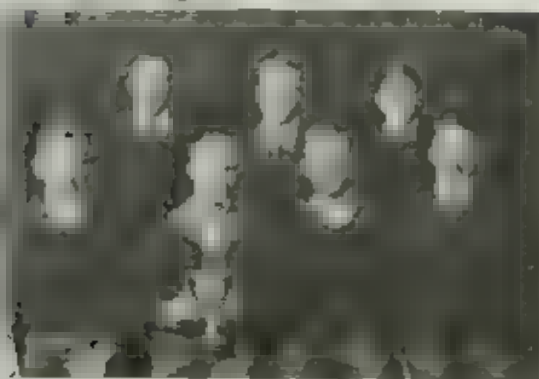
"Why, of course not."

"Then I've swallered a caterpillar."

Nathan K. (in Physiography Class)—"A plateau is a flat-topped elevation while a plain is on the surface of the earth."

Inter-Class Activities

Boy's B. B.



Debate



Girl's B. B.



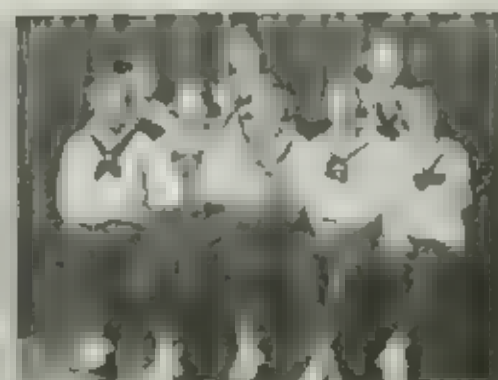
Seniors - Champions



Juniors

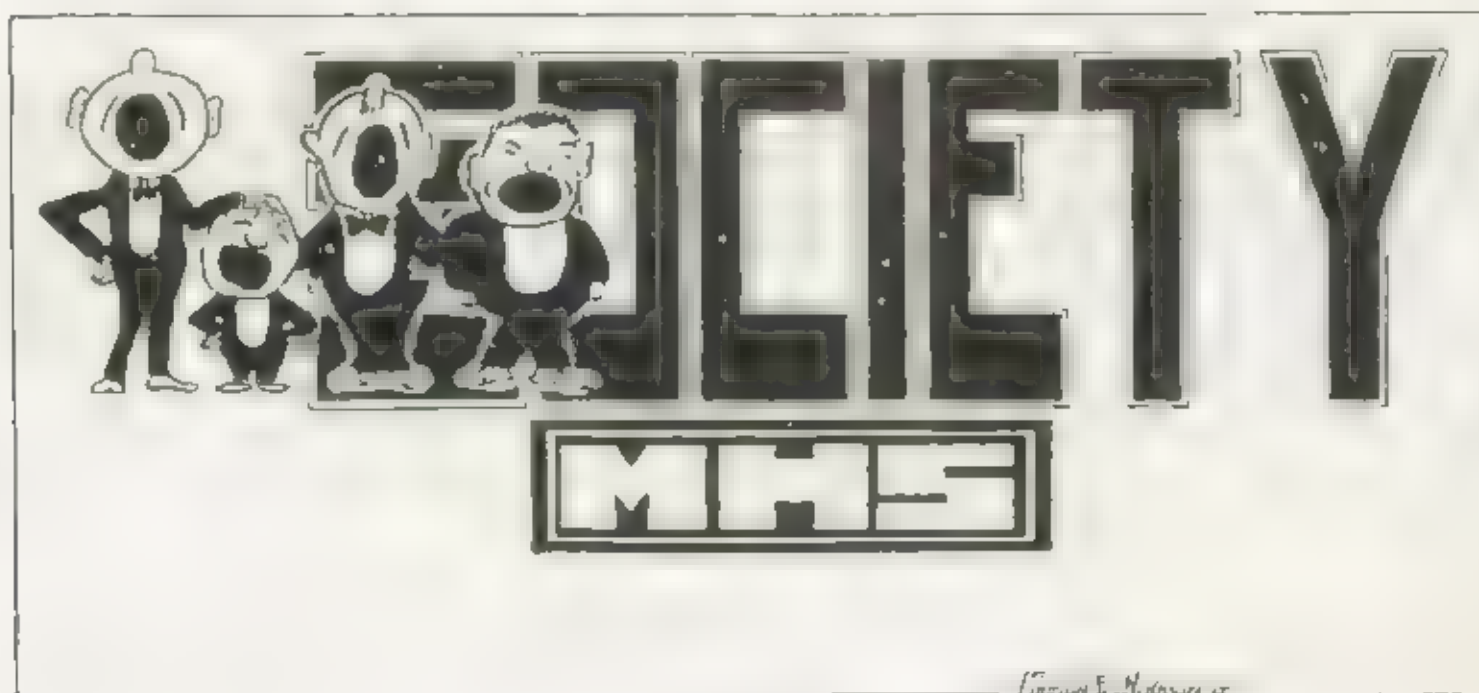


Sophomores



Freshmen

MARION HIGH SCHOOL





M. H. S. Expression Club

M. H. S. Expression Club 1919-1920.

On the evening of November 21, after a number of days of advertisement, the Marion High School Expression Club was organized. The club was somewhat exclusive as only Seniors with their averages above the 80 per cent mark were eligible. However, there was a charter membership of forty-nine seniors.

At the third meeting of the Expression club, the following officers were elected: Pres., Mary Lois Smith; V. Pres., Ruth Chapman; Sec., Vallie Roderick; Treas, Estella Myers.

Meetings were held every Monday afternoon after school. The programs consisted of readings, recitations, short plays, speeches and music. The criticisms given by our faculty critic, Mr. Adam, were helpful.

In January, officers were elected for the second semester. Those elected were: Pres., Virginia Haberman; V. Pres., Melvina Summers; Sec., Zelda Terry; Treas., Ruth Leffler.

In the future, we expect to give a number of short plays of which one is being worked upon at the present time.



Le Petit Salon

The second Marion High School French Club was organized this term by students of the two Senior French classes under the supervision of Miss Freer. The club was composed of about thirty-five Seniors and was made an honorary club. Those students became members who had an average of B or above.

The aim of the club was not only to advance in social activities but to increase our knowledge and study of French by becoming more thoroughly acquainted with it.

The officers elected were Howard Allen, president; Arlouine Henney, vice president; Ruth Ella Krauter, treasurer; and Estella Myers, secretary.

The meetings were held every two weeks on Friday night either in the West Assembly or at the homes of the girls, several members en-

tertaining at a time. At the meetings short business sessions were held and programs were enjoyed, which consisted of the study of the lives of French authors, customs and manners. Talking and reading French and interesting playlets given in the same language were some of the most enjoyable features of the club.

The social hour consisted of music and games which were enjoyed very much but the most prominent part of this hour was probably the delightful lunches served in Cafeteria style in the Domestic Science room.

In the near future the Senior French Club is asked to help organize a Junior French Club. A picnic is also planned to be held near the close of the year.



Girls Glee Club

Some one has said "Music bath charms to soothe the savage breast."

Early in the year a few of the boys who had been exercising their melodious voices decided to organize a Boys Glee Club. We were greatly handicapped by the absence of a music instructor, but Mr. Burdette volunteered to take charge. Robert Goodsell was appointed pianist.

Our aim was to enjoy ourselves by entertaining others. We decided to limit the Glee Club to twenty-four members, six for each part. This way we could produce music, whereas if we had seventy-five or a hundred as has been the custom; we could do no better than make noise. We were given Thursday mornings for practice and it was not long until the Gym was filled with melodies as it had been in the past.

We elected officers and as the Club was small, we needed only one officer. Marion Hinklin was elected manager.

We progressed rapidly until Mr. Burdette found it necessary to withdraw from the Club, which was regretted very much by the boys. As it was against the rules of the school to appoint a student member as instructor, which we proposed, we were forced to hunt another teacher. Over at Junior Hi we found a very capable leader in Mr. Wagner, who still has charge of the Club and under whom we have progressed rapidly.

Our first appearance was on the morning of the interclass debate. We gave a program in each hall and were well received. We gave other programs from that time on.



Boys Glee Club

The Boys Glee Club having become popular in all entertainments, and thriving rapidly, Miss Edith Brown and Miss Rachel McAfee thought it about time that the girls of Marion High were letting their sweet voices fill the halls of good old M. H. S.

About the first part of December, after a try-out of our voices in the gymnasium, the two instructors assembled the girls and we organized our club which is now known as the "Girls Glee Club of '20." Virginia Haberman of the class of '20 was elected president; Mary Katheryn Barnhart of the class of '21, as secretary and treasurer. We then planned to meet every Tuesday afternoon from 3:20 P. M. until 4:20 P. M. Miriam Smart was chosen as our pianist and, of course, we must say, that

altho she does not use her voice in helping us, she is a great asset.

We practiced until our instructors thought we could do as well as our boys club so Mr. Marshall asked us if we would sing before the students in West Assembly. We sang for the entertainment the week before Christmas and several times this year when we have had speakers on Friday morning. We also furnished several selections for the Commencement exercises for the Seniors of '20

This ends the history of the Girls Glee Club of '20 and we want to thank the students of M. H. S. as well as the club members, for the support which was given to us during our organization.



The Senior Commercial Efficiency Club

The Senior Commercial Efficiency Club.

This club was organized under the supervision of Mr. Kline on the seventh of October, 1919. It is composed of Commercial Seniors, nineteen in number. At the first meeting the following officers were elected for the year: Carter Patton, president; Margaret Adams, secretary; Helen Gillis, treasurer; Marion Hinklin, reporter.

It was decided that we hold a meeting on the first Monday of each month at the home of some member. At these meetings the time was devoted to a program arranged by the committee in charge and then a social time followed.

This is the first time in the history of Marion High School that a club of this nature has been carried through successfully by the Commercial Department.



Senior Inter Nos

The Senior Inter Nos organized shortly before Thanksgiving with sixteen charter members. The officers elected were: Arlouine Henney, president; Susan Guthery, vice president; Ruth Leffler, secretary; Vallie Roderick, treasurer; Merlin Stonebraker, reporter.

The second semester the club re-organized the officers being: Carolyn Kalkbrenner, president; Merlin Stonebraker, vice president; Helen Alheit, secretary; Bessie Conley, treasurer.

This club was organized to stimulate interest in Latin and to study Mythology. The club is composed of girls who have grades of A or A plus in Vergil.

However, it must not be thought that we do nothing but listen to Mythological tales and talk about Latin. Quite the contrary, we never fail to have a good time. Thanksgiving eve Mary Lois Smith entertained the club at a dinner party. That is all that needs to be said for none of us wanted any Thanksgiving Turkey the next day. Later Miss Almendinger entertained the club at her home. The boys in our Vergil class were guests. We also had very delightful times at the regular fortnightly meetings.

Each member of the club feels that it has been of great value. All of us surely appreciate the guidance and instruction of our teacher Miss Almendinger.



Junior Inter Nos

Although small in organization, the Junior Latin club of the year 1919-1920 was mighty in the accomplishment of its aim. Eleven Juniors attained the grade of A or above, permitting entrance into its mystic pow-wows. The officers for the first half year were: Pearl Rinert, president; Ruth Starr, vice president; Mary Pennock, secretary; Miriam Smart, reporter.

Miss Allmendinger very graciously entertained at the first meeting in October, after which the meetings proceeded with almost unbroken regularity every three weeks on Thursday afternoons. The meetings abated for a season at Christmas time after which the following officers were elected for the second half year: Miriam Smart, president; Catherine

Sloan, vice president; Ruth Starr, secretary; Hattie Crawley, reporter.

The aim of the club, aside from social progress was to stimulate interest in Latin and to attain a definite knowledge of the Romans and their customs. The meetings consisted of a brief business session, the programme, refreshments served by the hostess, assisted by one other member. The social hour followed. Everyone was compelled to serve on the entertainment committee appointed by the president for each meeting. Despite cold weather and low gas, sufficient refreshments were served to balance the mental food—and spoil numerous appetites for the evening meal. The chef is anticipating a picnic in the spring to which each member will invite a guest.



Freshmen Literary Societies

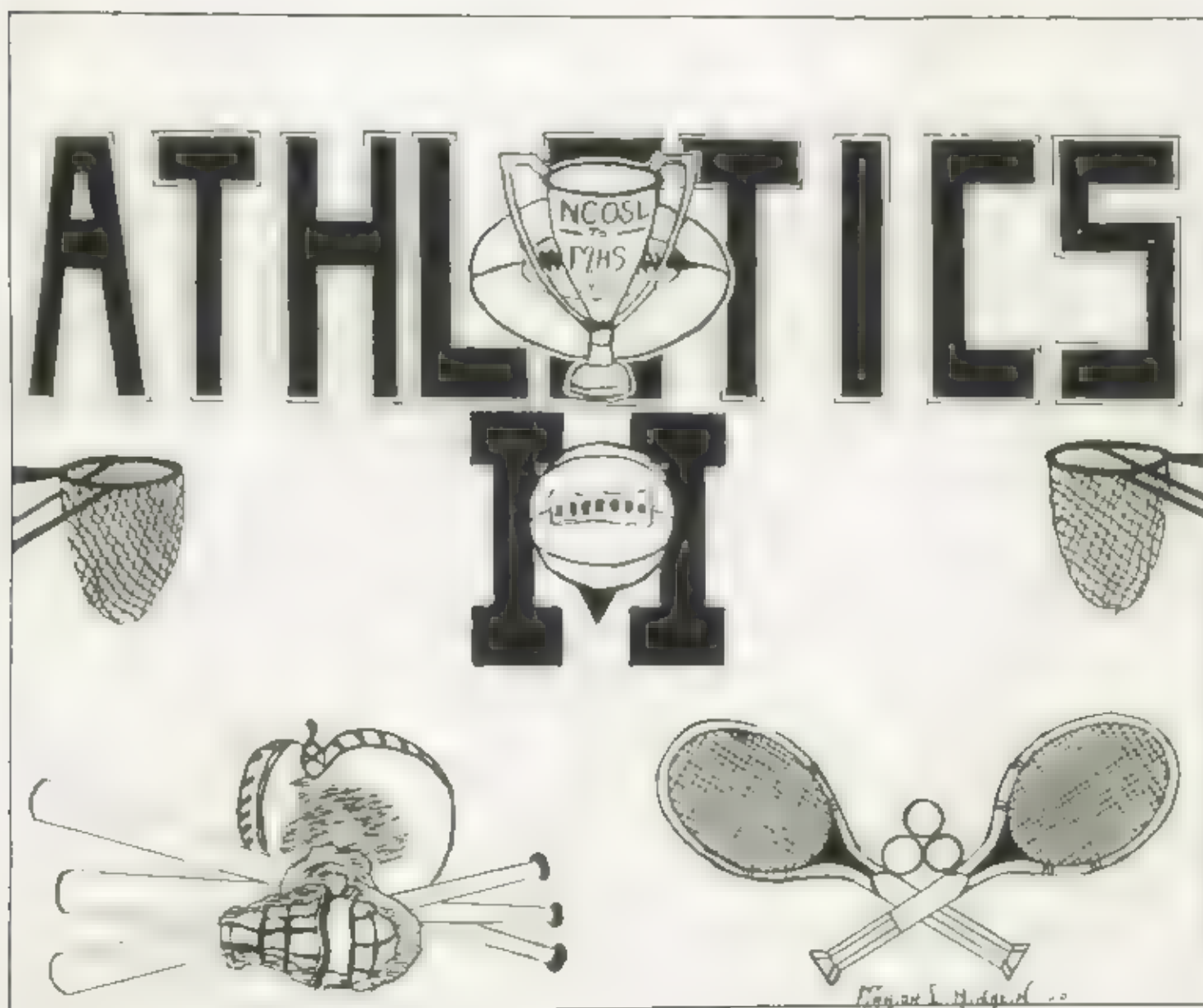
We, the Freshmen, of the Marion High School have organized this year, very successful Literary Societies. The talking and planning of them the first half of our freshman year broadened our outlook. Although we did not organize the first semester, we are the better for having discussed and thought of it.

The purpose of these societies is to aid us in becoming successful speakers, to teach us to discuss efficiently all current topics, and to be able to hold any executive position in life that may be required of us.

These societies are organized as much like the Congress of the United States as possible. First, we have our president who presides in state and calls our meetings; after our president has called the Society to order and the business meeting is over, the meeting is given into the hands of the Chairman of the Program Committee, who has charge of the entertainment for the day. These entertainments consist of debates, poetry, lives of renowned men, the world war interests, Presidential campaigns and other current topics.

In these Societies every Freshman takes part, and as we meet but once a week we have ample time to prepare our part of the program. As these Societies progress we feel that each and every one of us is better fitted for his or her part in this great universe.







Athletics

Football and basketball each have space devoted to them in following pages and in this general summary of the year's activity in sports they may be passed with but a few lines.

We won for ourselves a place in the football sun by annexing the North Central Scholastic League championship. Basketball proved something of a stumbling block but to quote

the "Bingville Bugle", a good time was enjoyed by all.

Tennis, the latest sport to be added to the curriculum of Marion High, received a tremendous boost this year. The school championship will be scrambled for by some seventy-five who have entered the spring tournament. The following space you can fill in if it ever stops raining long enough to finish the tournament before school closes.

Tennis Champion .
Runner-up
Score

A tennis squad is to be sent to the state tournament again but other than this and a possible match or so with near-by schools the court game will be largely devoted to inter-mural competition. Paul Sifritt won last year's title with Robert Hamilton as the other finalist.

Inter-class basket-ball offered more than the usual amount of side-line amusement and friendly rivalry in the school. With the boy's interclass competition the possession of the loving cup trophy was nip and tuck until the last game in which the Seniors wrested it from the grasp of the Freshies. Since this book is published by the Seniors we can not help but ask you to recall whether crepe is colored black or Freshman colors and to what other purpose

besides holding water are tin-cups sometimes devoted?

Inter-class champion of anything and the Senior class are synonymous phrases. The girls followed the example of the boys and took the girls basket-ball title from the Juniors. If past history fortells the future, chances for the inter-class baseball title going to the Seniors also seem to be bright.

Inter-class athletics have taken an important part in school life this year, as the result of the broad-minded plan in extending the benefits of athletic competition to more people than those who make the school teams, and it is hoped and expected that inter-class rivalry will hold even a more important part in school life in the years to come.



“M” Association

Football

Robert Boyd
 Ray Martin
 Charles Nelson
 Yancy Shields
 Harry Uhl
 John Zuck
 Harry Dowler
 Harley Lewis
 Vernon McGinnis
 Wallace Shackelford
 Henry Stauffer
 Montgomery Campbell
 John Springer
 Robert McMahan
 Douglas Torrance
 Fred Zuck
 Harold Thomas
 William Bland
 Lloyd Pickering
 Wallace Thompson
 Arthur Kerran
 Huron Hamilton
 Walter Robinson
 Lloyd Secrest
 Dexter Hazen
 Gail Tompson
 John Weidemann
 James Conarty
 Florain Moore
 Frederick Tschanen
 Robert Hamilton
 John Patten
 Merle Barnhart
 Frank Weidemann
 Lorain Brashares
 Willard Baldwin
 Edgar Barnhart
 Albert McKinley
 John Dowler
 Paul Sifritt
 Herbert Uncapher
 Nelson Vigor
 John Fies
 Eugene Berger
 Charles Haberman
 Arthur Reissinger
 Paul Keller
 Elmer Smith
 Royal Martin
 Herbert Watson
 Judson Davids
 Frank Hinklin
 Paul Mote
 Edwin Ynachle
 Robert Hecker

Basketball

Grant Sifritt
 Randolph Crawley
 Lott Bechtel
 Harley Lewis
 Charles Nelson
 Harry Robbins
 Grant Mouser
 Dexter Hazen
 Gail Thompson
 Walter Schaffner
 Harry Uhl
 Richard Cooper
 George Nonaghan
 Wayne Neally
 Wallace Thompson
 Paul Knappenberger
 Montgomery Campbell
 Douglas Torrance
 Harry Dowler
 Henry Stauffer
 Elmer Griffin
 Frederick Tschanen
 Paul Sifritt
 Frank Weeks
 Edgar Thomas
 Wayne Wilhelm
 Edwin Knachel
 Robert Hamilton
 Paul Irey
 Russel Schoenberger
 James Conarty
 Nelson Vigor
 Carter Patton
 Marion Mewhorter

Baseball

Grant Sifritt
 Ernest Smith
 George Nonaghan
 Ralph Thibaut
 William Wylie
 Bliss Gates
 Yancy Shields
 Frank Hinklin
 Edgar Barnhart
 Franklin Parr
 Elmer Smith
 Grant Noble
 Milton Dye
 Wallace Tompson
 Randolph Crawley
 Leland Whitney
 Gail Tompson
 Lloyd Pickering
 Dana Rice
 Judson Davids
 Graydon Croman
 Cloyce Taylor
 Henry Stauffer
 Donald Anderson
 Grant Mouser
 Dexter Hazen
 Arthur Reissinger
 Ray Martin
 Grant Lemon
 Emilie Rice
 Royal Martin
 Edgar Thomas
 Elmer Griffin
 Harold Wise
 John Heiser

Note: Because of incomplete records it has been impossible to obtain the names of all letter men and any mistakes or additions should be reported to the Athletic Editor of the 1921 Quiver Staff.

The Coach



Perhaps few people realize how much a victory is due to the coach of any team.

Mr. Burdett's ingenuity may be traced out in any one of the games played by our teams. It is he who thinks out the many plays and how to meet other plays of other teams, and a large share of our victories as well as the good playing of our men may be attributed to the efficiency of him.

The Captains



Captain Sifritt was a tower of strength on the line and mixed into every play. "Si" was our best punter and more than once gained precious yards with a pretty, well-placed spiral far down the field. And after those games will we ever forget "Si" as our toast-master in the Monday morning assembly? Never!



Captain Tschanen never let up for a moment. Aggressive and setting an example for others by his hard work he was an excellent type of leader. "Fred" was tied with Vigor as second high scorer although his position was guard.

Football

Playing next to Sifritt was Hecker, the find of the year and one of the "headiest" and most finished grid artists Marion High ever produced. Great things are expected from "Heck" in our college. Say this aloud and it is sure to sound familiar, "Hecker's got him again."



We do not know why class presidents should make the best wing men but so it seems, and on the right "Bobbie" Hamilton spilled the opposition with the same ease that he spills parliamentary law. He was lightning on getting down under punts and sure death when he arrived.



Captain-elect Moore played center and tho not as large as many opposition centers "Dinty" got the jump on everyone of them. When he gets down over the pigskin next fall he will have on each side of him ten loyal followers who will do anything for their leader.



Bland stepped into the breach left by Uncapher during his illness and was far more than a sub. "Bill" played this year for his first time and looked like a veteran in the game.

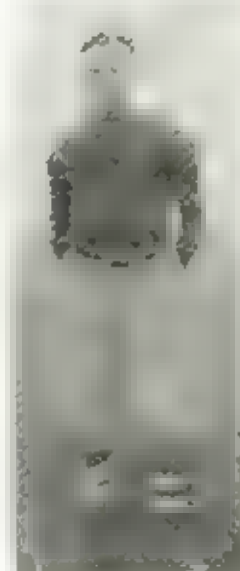


Football



Tschanen was one of that impassible triumvirate, Hecker, Moore and Tschanen. More steady than steadiness itself, "Fred" was one of the big factors of that unwavering '19 line and he helped to draw it straight and wide across the 1919-1920 page in M. H. S. history.

Pure grit, quick at diagnosing the opposition's attack and working under a handicap of ill health all season, Uncapher deserves all kinds of credit. "Herb" was that type of modern tackle that is fact on his feet. He was always to be depended upon for that off-tackle hole on the offense.



Knachle was the other presidential end and lent the dignity to the left of the line. "Ed" was a regular cow-puncher at lassoing forward passes and could bounce the opposition's interference for a "fare-thee-well."

Frank Wiedemann was another first season man who played with a veteran style. "Frank" was the all-round man of the back-field and a "bear" on the defense and interference.

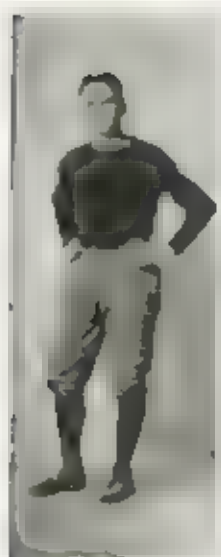


Football

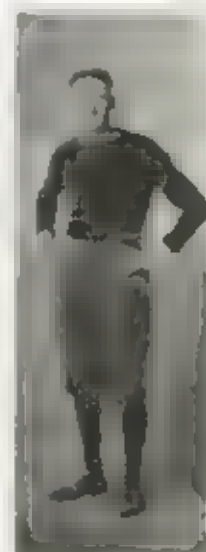
John Wiedemann, erstwhile "speed merchant", could not only single the ends but could part the line like he does his hair, in the middle. "Johnny" was a fierce tackler and with his twistings tied the opposition line and secondary defense into knots.



In contrast to John Wiedemann is Bra-shares, husky sophomore, and line "busting" halfback. "Fat" alternated with Frank Wiedemann at fullback and should be an All-State choice by his senior year. He is as good on the defense as on the offense.



Quarterback? No, chief engineer and vice president of the Marion High School Real Estate Reclamation Service, and under his management Marion High reclaimed enough mud flats, foreign football fields, etc., to give it first place in the North Central. The snappy, pep-injecting signals of Jim Conarty, our "fighting Irishman", were the means of transferring great thoughts to action that ended in touchdowns.



Vigor was the mud-lark plenipotentiary and line plunger extraordinary, always ready, and always to be depended upon. When "Vig" donned that "man with a purpose air" things happened. Along with Hecker, Tschanen, Hamilton, and a few more who graduate this year the old school expects to hear much from "Vig" during his college career.



Season's Games

One blue-ribbon first prize, one near-dunce-cap and a superfluity of inter-class scrapping might be called a hurried review of the year's sports such as they are up to April, for some worthy printing-press descendent of B. Franklin buncoed B. Bland, Business Manager of this be-thrilling periodical into signing a contract that compels the staff to have its work in before the yearly epidemic of spring fever sets in, so with your kind patience, a wet towel about the head, and plenty of midnight oil we shall set them up for the thirsty printer.

Having previously mentioned a contract you will harken back, whatever that is, to sometime last summer when the newspapers told of the tendering of a contract by our beloved (?) Board of Education to Robert Russell Burdette of Springfield, ex-Wittenberg College football and basketball star and ex-Army shave-tail (ask the "Freshie" gym classes) a contract that had on it space for his name as Marion High school Athletic Director. "Coach" filled the contract and also filled the "bill" and our classic halls profited accordingly.

"Coach" issued his summons to work last fall, the same time the faculty tacked up its ultimatum, and some thirty or so, more or less scholastic and earnest appearing "yewths" were taken over into the Junior High side-yard,—campus! pardon us! and later into the back yard,—pardon again! Junior High Bowl, probably so designated because it held water so well—and had football and its every rudiment ground into their countenances. The squad will always remember it as a more or less secondary fact that they finally developed into a football eleven, but they will never forget that primarily "Coach" developed the best stone-crushing aggregation in the State.

Slickers at it, absolutely! Several of the squad had during the previous summer broken stone, no, NO! not in the State Pen, but out at Dan Evans' and the ground back of Junior High seemed so much like old times that the reason we developed the wonderful '19 squad was that the ex-Evans quarrymen forgot themselves and worked and slaved for a raise.

Mr. Adams peruses the above with such scorn that the athletic department clothe itself with a more dignified aspect and get down to

business. We blush to think how the staff would look clothed only in an aspect, but as to the second ultimatum the business and what-not is immediately forth-coming.

Marion 20 — Upper Sandusky 0

September 26, 1919. At Junior High Field.

Do you remember the crowd? Pip of a crowd. And do you remember the warm day and circus atmosphere lent by the canvas kid-prevention wall? The squad made its debut by crushing thru the first layer of rock on Junior High Field with a twenty to nothing dive and the visitors on the bottom. Our defense, the strong point all thru the year from the very first proved a brick wall, or perhaps a stone quarry wall! for eleven bits of Wyandot Indian posterity failed once to seriously threaten M. H. S. goal.

Marion 7 — East High 13

October 4, 1919. At Neil Park, Columbus.

Again the day was a warm one. For us both physically and mentally. A lively group of black and maroon enthusiasts panted its way into the American Association park only to drink from the cup of bitterest bitter defeat and the draught was not grape juice but plain lemon straight.

To have out-manuevered and out-played an old rival in every department of the game and then loose on two fluke plays is almost too much for any team, but—was the squad down-hearted? Look at the score of the next game and decide for yourself.

Columbus sport sheets admitted Marion's superiority and we being sportsmen must needs do the same, but then, why weep more?

Marion 26 — Mansfield 0

October 11, 1919. At Fairgrounds Park.

The weather man turned the "quarry" into a swimming pool for this game and it had to be played at the fairgrounds field. We thanked the weather man just the same but would rather that our much needed swimming pool would come from the Board of Education. Few people saw this tilt, but those few saw the team when it played its smoothest and prettiest.

The score of this game and the come-back following the defeat of the previous Saturday

MARION HIGH SCHOOL

reminds one of the meaning and spirit of the maroon and black.

Possibly the reader versed in school history will pardon a diversion for the benefit of those who do not know the origin of our dear old colors and since the Mansfield game so represented their spirit the story will bear repeating.

It was far back in 1895, or thereabouts, when that zealous and loyal instructor, Professor C. L. Hecox, first instituted athletics in the school. Some sport follower was watching a Marion High track squad walk off with things at an inter-scholastic meet at Wooster. This spectator wrought up by both envy and admiration expressed himself with, "That Marion crowd is blood and thunder at this meet!" Professor Hecox overheard the remark and with the matter of selecting colors still undecided by the team, had maroon and black brought to mind as best expressing blood and thunder. And so it was, and so it is, and so it shall be, for that same old spirit sustained the fellows for their comeback against Mansfield.

Marion 6 — Galion 0

October 18, 1919. At Galion

Human nature will be human nature and at some time most everyone has that "only tin can in the alley" feeling. It may not be the true explanation but that is the only excuse that can be offered for the above score. Think of it! The tail-enders holding the best in the league to one lone touchdown. Next!

Marion 1 — Alumni 0

October 25, 1919.

The Alumni forfeited and this game was played in the newspapers. The following week was to have been the game with Delaware and courtesy itself would prevent any claim to a forfeited game, for our rivals had taken from them one of the most popular men in their school, and a player of great ability, by an accident on the gridiron while he was fighting for his school's honor.

Marion 20 — Ashland 13

November 8, 1919. At Ashland.

Here was truly a battle. Ashland with loads of natural ability had developed from a green team of the first of the season, into a tough proposition by November 8th, and here for the first time during the season, the game was featured by individual work. Brashares'

powerful line plunging in the last quarter. Conarty's superb head-work and the two neat catches of forward passes by Moore and Hinklin, made those three precious touchdowns possible and the last one came in the last three seconds of play.

Marion 0 — Fostoria 19

November 15, 1919. At Fairgrounds Park.

Fostoria came with the prestige of many years of successful athletics back of them and quite lived up to their reputation by beating us fairly and squarely nineteen to nothing. Everyone will remember the big crowd and it went to prove that our conservative old town was at last waking up to the fact that Marion High was once again turning out championship teams. The defeat was no disgrace as it was only a miracle that prevented Marion scoring twice, and Fostoria's last counter was made on a fluke play. We only hope that future squads will have a chance at them.

Marion 0 — Bucyrus 12

November 22, 1919. At Bucyrus.

This was a fizzer, the fact is one would need to be told that a Marion eleven was on the field for the fight was no more like the old spirit than the day is like night. Everything went ragged, on top of the fact that a good share of our regular line could not be in the game, and several of the backfield were in no condition to enter the contest. Just one redeeming feature about the whole thing can be found and that is, that good old dependable Vigor came across with some of the best line plunging of his whole High school career. He saved Marion from utter disgrace. We might call it a case of sour grapes tho, and say, "what care we, the North Central Scholastic League pennant was ours anyway;" but of course that is not the way we feel about it and the class of '20 leaves it as an heritage to the school that Bucktown must be given the hardest drubbing next year that was ever administered to them.

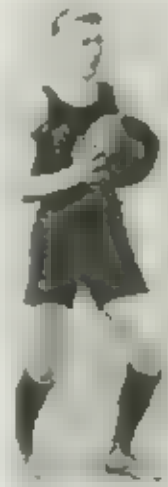
And now for a summary; to use Weeksie's famous Friday morning assembly text we can only say that "the student body is to be congratulated upon its splendid support." The record of the team, is proof of the credit that goes to "Coach" for it was the great Coach Williams of the University of Minnesota who said that a team's success was sixty per cent coaching and forty per cent material.

Basketball



Patton and Mewhorter, blossoming in the Inter-class games, grew famous over night and landed berths on the regular squad towards the end of the season. "Cart" or "Pat" (pay your money and take your choice) wound up his athletic career in the old school playing with the ease and ability of a three-year letter man.

Irey, another who "cometh late and blossometh alone", did not get started until the middle of the season but half a season was enough for the "R. B. B. P." to clinch first place when it came to counting up the individual scores.



Hamilton was a bundle of fighting wire nerves and scrappy as the "dooce." Those opposition guards found "Bob's" 120 pounds the heaviest composition of 1-2-0-l-b-s. they had ever before experienced.

Basketball

Weeks played forward—and backward and every place else over the floor for that matter. “Little Weeksie” (Weeks will rave when he reads that) with Knachel and Mewhorter will form the nucleus for what should be a good squad next year.



Knachel, the other '21 man, was fast and an all-round player. “Ed”, captain-elect for next season, has the unanimous approval of the class of '20 as the one to carry on as leader of basketball the spirit of old Marion High.



Mewhorter spoke basketball as she should be spoke, in the second Mansfield game, and Coach liked the explanation so well that “Greeley” found himself continuing his elucidation thereafter.



Vigor, playing opposite his captain at the other guard position, made Tschanen a pair of defense men that any team would be overjoyed to have. “Nel” (possibly you prefer “Vig”) was ever the steady “Nel” that he was in football and played the game for all he was worth.



Season's Games

The Quiver prints the following review of the basketball season with as much beatitude, consummate bliss and felicity (for references see Webster's Unabridged) as was experienced in printing the football review. Yes, quite true, in basketball we did not elope with a championship as was the case with football but someone has said something or other about last impressions being the best and any Marion High team that can present its followers at the end of the season with the pleasant impressions that ours did deserve all the credit that this unimpeachable one hundred pages of literary perfection (?) can cram into the space between its front and back, which is full prohibitively speaking.

We are all going to forget, as soon as we finish reading this sentence, that our dearest rival, Delaware, took both games.

Pleasanter memories are, the Alumni game, the first Mansfield game in which one point meant more than it has ever meant before, the game with "Bucktown", when sugar was high and it was necessary to satisfy our love for sweet things with a taste of revenge. To continue the pleasant reminiscence there was the Galion game after which someone besides us had the pleasure of holding the impassable place in the league standing, and also the Springfield setto. Here the "Coach" had the rare treat of showing the home town how it is done. Oh, yes, and before we forget it. The

"county championship" and the close game in the finals with the Liberty Five in that "tournament." Possibly that was not the correct "county championship." So many of them makes it easy to get them mixed.

The state tournament at Ohio Wesleyan was a creditable event which every one likes to remember as it afforded a whole day's vacation—more or less enjoyed. But a vacation is all that can be said of that bit of basketball.

And now to consider why the season's percentage of victories was only about .300. First of all the alibi is to be left out of the discussion. Plainly the squad did not hit its stride at the first of the season and then when it did, too much of the playing was by fits and starts, a flash of astounding form in one game and grammar school style in the next. Yet the thing that drew the sting of each defeat and caused the surrounding population to sit up and take notice was the wonderful school spirit manifested at every game despite all the ups and downs. That old "Y" balcony and also the pockets of the Athletic Association treasurer groaned with weight whenever the squad played at home. Such school spirit as was shown this year has never before been equaled and the extensive athletic program planned for next year should have the most solid of foundations in the spirit of the present student body.

The season's schedule:

M. H. S.	53	Prospect	11
M. H. S.	27	Alumni ..	23
M. H. S.	13	Ashland	31
M. H. S.	23	Mansfield ..	24
M. H. S.	14	Delaware .	21
M. H. S....	27	Bucyrus	9
M. H. S.	13	Sandusky .	16
M. H. S.	11	Mansfield .	43
M. H. S.	19	Delaware .	31
M. H. S.	19	Galion	26
M. H. S.	28	Liberty Five	27
M. H. S.	9	Cleveland, West..	20
M. H. S.	26	St. Marys	10
M. H. S. ..	24	City Team.....	19
M. H. S.	10	Springfield	18





Triangle Debate Teams



The Triangle Debate

In continuance of the policy of "doing a bit more and doing it a bit better than any previous class or student body" the school this year made one of the most important of additions to the school life in the matter of debating. The work from the platform is to be ranked with work on the gridiron and the basketball floor and the wonderful amount of effort put forth by our affirmative and negative teams surely earns for each member the coveted sweater and "M".

Co-operating with Delaware High and Bucyrus High, M. H. S. again revived the old Triangle Debate League and on the evening of April 16, our teams clashed with these old rivals with results that left a fifty-fifty feeling, if such a thing is possible.

The question, "Resolved, that for a period of five years, the United States Government should restrict all immigration on the same basis as it now restricts immigration from China," was upheld by the affirmative team composed of Robert Hecker '20, Theodore Zuck '20, Frank Weeks '21 and Edwin Knachel '21 against the oratorical onslaught of the Bucyrus High negative team with most gratifying results for us as each one of the judges

"saw the light." (Who wouldn't after those affirmative rebuttals?)

The negative squad composed of Lowell Dunathan '20, Susan Guthery '20, Theodore Moore '20 and Robert Fitts '21 journeyed to Delaware and split the vote of the judges, even if they did not win. The affair was the hardest of hard battles and following the debate, one of the "die-casters" frankly stated that it was the most difficult to judge of any debate he had ever attended. With the team on our own floor and before a Marion crowd it is not hard to prophecy what would have happened. The entire matter looks rather well when considered in the following light. Delaware took five judges decisions, M. H. S. four decisions and Bucyrus none.

Now to consider the foundation of our teams' successes (not Ed Knachel's foundations). For his whole-hearted devotion, to the squads' efforts, for his untiring labor, excellent advice and coaching too much cannot be said in praise to Coach Oscar Adam. With such a foundation as Coach Adam plus the unusual backing the student body has given debating and the experience gained this year, M. H. S. should easily trim the other two corners of the Triangle next year.

MARION HIGH SCHOOL



7th. period.



Bawled out.

keeping time.



A PERFECT DAY.

MARION HIGH SCHOOL



Darts

Within this old school
There is many a thot.
Some are worth much,
And some are worth nought.

So on these back pages
Which are so white and clean,
We shall print from their number
The best that we glean.

Harold Wise—"What did your father say
when you told him my love for you was like
a gushing river?"

Bonnie—"He said, 'Dam it'."

"Remember son, Garfield drove mules on a
cow path and Lincoln split rails."

"I know, dad; but, say, did any of those
Presidents ever crank a cold motor in a bliz-
zard for half an hour before he discovered that
he didn't have any gasoline?"

A woman customer—"I'd like to buy some
powder."

Robert G.—"Face, gun or bug, Madam?"

If her name is Hele(i)n Holland, we would
like to know what it would be in America.—
A Student.

John W.—(enviously) "Gee, you're big.
What were you raised on."

Bill B. "WA'AL, I don't rec'lect anymore."

"Don't you believe every woman should have
a vote?"

"No," replied Milton A, "but I believe every
woman should have a voter."

Nathan K. (on a fishing trip)—"Boys, the
boat is sinking! Is there anyone who knows
how to pray?"

Marion S.—"I do."

Nathan—"All right, you pray and the rest
of us will put on the life belts. There's one
shy."

—
Heard in Virgil Class

Miss Allmendinger—"Don't you think you'd

better turn the page, Bland? You've already
translated eight lines on the next."

Wouldn't it Jar You to See,
Mrs. Kline wearing ear-tabs or puffs.
Amy Gail Porter going to Sunday School.
Harry Abbott not playing craps.
Lena Morrow not talking to the boys.
Helen Schadd riding a bicycle.
Mr. Kline in a dress suit.

Mr. Lantzer not singing, "Work for the
night is coming."

Helen Anthony not chewing gum.
Miss Brown giving A+ on a quiz.
Elizabeth Wilson without Robert S.
Miss Garberson not cooking for her beloved.
Miss Kline on a dance floor.
Miriam Smart without her bunch.

Mrs. Thiele not singing, Viva, Viva, Captain
John.

Flop Uhler not trying to get into society.
Geraldine Tavenner not calling for Chester
Berry.

Helen Holland trying to "vamp" Fred
Allmendinger.

Miss Brown not talking to a Senior.

—
Mr. Adam says that in his opinion Macbeth
is "rich, rare and racy."

—
We don't care so much about the hairs of
our head being numbered but we'd like to have
'em fastened in better.

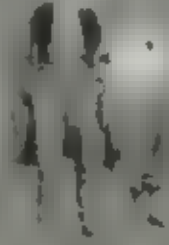
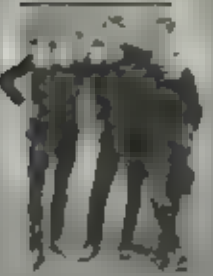
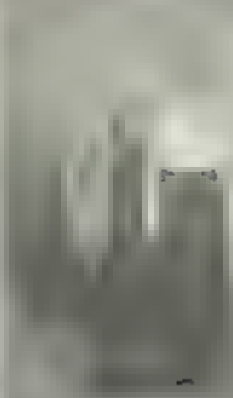
—
Mr. Lantzer—Did you have a brother in this
course last year?

Frosh—No, sir. It was I. I'm taking it
over again.

Mr. Lantzer—Extraordinary resemblance,
though; positively extraordinary.

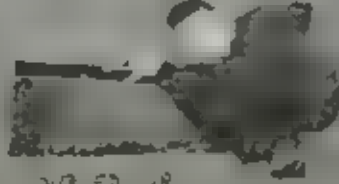
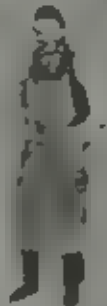
—
One Sunday Lloyd Mautz went to Columbus
and visited Olentangy Park. While there he
had a disput with a park policeman. The cop
said "Get off the grass, there. Don't you see
the sign?"

Lloyd—"I ain't walkin' on your old grass.
I'm stepping between."



THE CHURCH BELONGED TO A NO
BORN IN THE EARLY PART
DONT BELONG TO A NO BORN

1904
1905



OUR ED UR
NATION.



"COURTS?"



MARION HIGH SCHOOL

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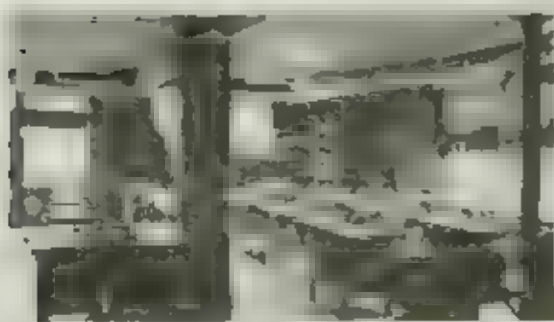
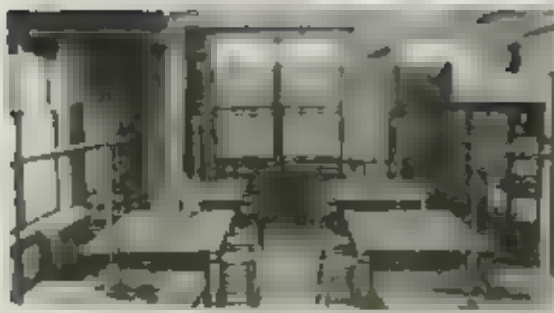
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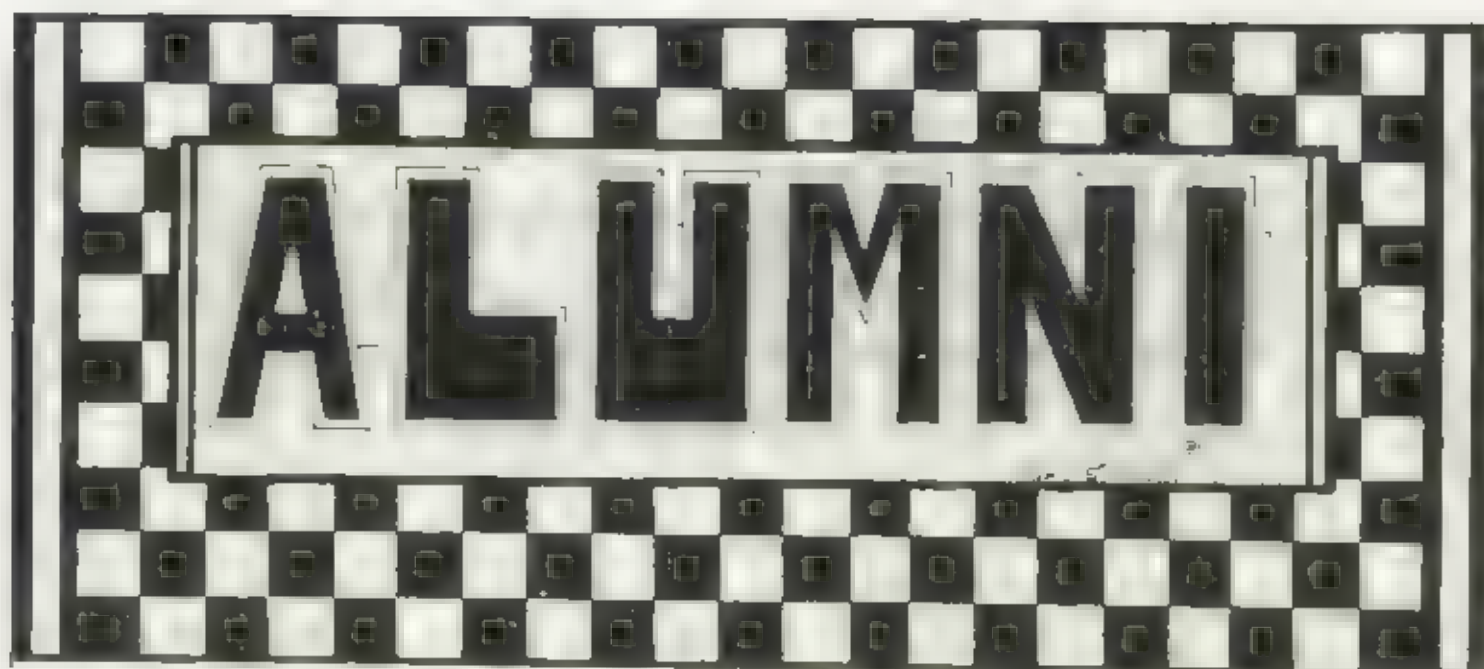
MARION HIGH SCHOOL

School Views



MARION HIGH SCHOOL

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20



Class of 1917

Mary Anderson—At home
 Nell Arter—Mrs. J. M. Byram, city.
 Elsie Barger—Bookkeeper and Stenographer, Huber Mfg. Co.
 Siebart Barger—Teller, Marion National Bank.
 Gladys Bauer—Teacher, State Street Bldg.
 Charlotte Bechtel—Mrs. Emile Rice, City.
 Lois Betz—Hiram College.
 Alice Blair—Stenographer, Superintendent's office, Erie
 George Bland—Ohio State University. 1st.
 Virgie Braden—Mrs. Leshe E. Adams, City.
 Iscah Mae Brown—At home.
 Amos Burgess—Ohio Wesleyan University. 3rd.
 Lydia Caldwell—Teacher, Marion County.
 Clarence Cook—Married, City.
 Alwyn Crane—Miami University.
 Caddie Creviston—Mrs. R. E. Alexander, City.
 Mary Cunningham—Marion Steam Shovel Offices.
 Judson Davids—U. S. Navy.
 Dimona Davis—Clerk, Power Manufacturing Co., City.
 Harry Dowler—Haberman Hardware Company.
 Harry Dombaugh—Married, Shipping Clerk, Osgood Co.
 Harold Eymon—Died in Service, 1918.
 Carl Ebert—Ohio State University.
 Isabelle Frank—Sweet Briar College, Virginia.
 Helen Fries—Mrs. E. L. Cleveland, City.
 Philomen Gregg—Oberlin College. 1st.
 Helen Guckes—Mrs. Walter Fleming, Kent, O.
 Howard Guthery—Yale University. 1st.
 Ruth Hare—Stenographer, City National Bank.
 Wallace Harrison—Ohio State University. 2nd.
 John Heiser—Erie Freight Agent, Galion, O.
 Marguerite Hinklin—Teacher, Mark Street Bldg.
 Frank Hinklin—Erie Transfer Office.
 Edna Huggins—Stenographer, Dr. Young's office.
 Marie Huggins—Stenographer, Hoch Bros.
 Paul Hurr—Ohio State University.
 Estella Keeler—Teacher, Forest Lawn Bldg.
 Revilo Kinney—The Osgood Company.
 Lorin Lawrence—On the farm.
 Ethel Lenz—Bookkeeper, The Jenner Co.
 Mabel Livingston—Mrs. Paul McClain, City.

Merril Maher—Houghton Sulky Company.
 Elizabeth Makeever—Teacher, Forest Lawn Bldg.
 Royal Martin—Ohio Northern University, Ada, 3rd.
 Genevieve Mattox—Ohio University, Athens.
 Blanche Mealy—Mrs. Harold Osmun, City.
 Helen Meinhart—Bookkeeper, Marion Steam Shovel Co.
 Sarah Jane Melvin—Teacher, Lincoln Bldg.
 Howard Mitchell—Ohio Wesleyan University, Junior.
 Fred Morris—On farm.
 Ivalu Moore—Address unknown.
 Lily McCormick—Mrs. Henry Stouffer, City.
 Marion McNeil—Teacher, Glenwood Bldg.
 Harry Orians—Northwestern College, Naperville, Ill.
 John Osmun—Ohio Northern University, Ada.
 Franklin Parr—Stenographer, The Osgood Co.,
 Anna Pattingale—White Sulphur, Ohio.
 Helen Peuser—Married, living in city.
 Leno Phillips—Oberlin Conservatory.
 Mildred Powers—Teacher, Newmans.
 Edith Price—At home.
 Raymond Roecker—Michigan State University, Ann Arbor. 1st.
 Margaret Schaad—At home.
 Russell Schoenberger—Kock Furniture Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
 Della Smith—Accounting Bureau, Erie offices.
 Geneva Stiffler—Ohio State University.
 Vera Stockman—Departmental work, Pleasant Township Cent. School.
 Kathryn Sweeney—Ohio State University. 3rd.
 Edgar Thomas—Draftsman, Marion Steam Shovel Co.
 Watson Thomas—Salesman, Interstate Vaccine Co.
 Gladys Throckmorton—At home.
 Douglas Torrance—Ohio Wesleyan University, Junior.
 George Uncapher—Ohio State University. 3rd.
 Margaret Underwood—Columbus, Ohio.
 Donna Waddel—Bookkeeper, Home Bldg. Savings & Loan Co.
 Russell Wilhelm—Ohio State University. 2nd.
 Margaret Whitamire—Married, Lives near Coledoma.



Class of 1918

Catheryn Abel—Principals Office, M. H. S.
 Elsie Ackerman—Office, Marion Tire & Rubber Co.
 Laura Apt—Cashier, Kleinmaier Bros
 Ovid Bain—Oberlin College, Freshman.
 Louise Bickel—Erie Offices, Huntington, Ind.
 Mabel Baldauf—Money Order Dept. P. O
 Murrel Barnhart—At home.
 Arthur Blair—Asst Cashier, C. D. & M.
 Joseph Boyd—Office, Marion Gas Co.
 Mildred Brenner—At home.
 Fred Briggs—Cashier, Citizens Bldg. & Loan .
 Irma Brockett—St. Lukes' Hospital, Cleveland.
 Linconia Cheney—Baldwin-Wallace College, Berea.
 Sarah Curtis—Mrs. Raymond Simms, near Columbus
 Lucinda Dunham—At home, Galion, Ohio.
 Mae Dutt—Kent College.
 Florence Dutton—Elizabeth Gamble Missionary Training School, Cincinnati, Ohio.
 Bernice Eason—Ohio State University, Freshman.
 Mary Ellery—Metropolitan Conservatory, Indianapolis, Ind.
 Margery Eymon—Stenographer, Eymon Law office.
 Grace Fetter—Stenographer, Lippincott Bros.
 Edgar Foster—Hudson Shoe Store, Detroit, Michigan.
 Dolores Gruesser—Stenographer, Susquehanna Silk Mills.
 Vivian Hall—Normal School, Oshkosh, Wisconsin.
 Mildred Halsey—At home.
 Marie Hamner—Teacher, Forest Lawn Bldg.
 Martha Harrison—Lake Erie College, Painesville, Ohio.
 Irene Harruff—Stenographer, Marion Steam Shovel Co.
 Inez Harruff—Daintee Fashion Shop.
 Jesse B. Hartman—Ohio State University, Freshman.
 Paul Hartman—Ohio State University, Freshman.
 Burton Hatfield—Western Reserve University, Freshman.
 Katherine Headley—Office, Crawmer & Houghton.

Frank Heller—At home, North of Marion.
 Mildred Hinklin—Frank Bros. Co.
 Hilda Holland—Bookkeeper, Thibaut & Mauntz Bros.
 Florence Holtshouse—Bookkeeper, Uhler Phillips Co.
 Clyde Keeler—Denison University, Freshman.
 Francis Kilbury—Government Work, Washington, D. C.
 Marie Klingel—Stenographer, Marion Steam Shovel Co.
 Ruth Kramer—Teacher, Oak Street Bldg.
 Laura Lee—Teacher, Silver Street Bldg.
 Florence Line—Mrs. Howard Hibbett, Akron.
 Mary Eloise Lott—Office, Marion National Bank.
 Harry Lusch—On farm, Girard, Pennsylvania.
 Warren Mapes—Miami University.
 Paul Mautz—Ohio State University.
 Pauline Meily—Secretary, Geiger Jones Co.
 Wilfred Merkle—Mgr. Meat Market, Bucyrus, Ohio.
 Edith Miller—Mrs. Marion Craven, City.
 Mildred Montgomery—Mrs. Harold Freemontt, Marion Co.
 Mabel Moore—Stenographer, American Clay Co., Bucyrus.
 Margaret Morgan—Ohio Wesleyan University, Sophomore.
 Howard Orians—Northwestern College, Naperville, Ill.
 Margaret Pittinger—At home.
 Adaline Pletcher—Mrs. Pearl Meddles, City.
 Margaret Porter—Stenographer, Power Manufacturing Co.
 Mildred Price—South Georgia College for Women
 Elfrieda Ritzhaupt—Bookkeeper, Marion County Bank.
 Harry Robbins—Robbins Confectionary Parlor.
 Earl Roderick—Pollak Steel Mills.
 Mary Shoots—At home.
 Kenneth Sifritt—Michigan State University, Ann Arbor. Freshman.
 Paul Simpson—Clerk, Master Mechanics Office, Erie.
 Elmer Smith—Stenographer, Marion Steam Shovel Co.
 Alice Strock—Western College for Women, Oxford, Ohio.

MARION HIGH SCHOOL

Harold Thomas—Ohio State University.
Bernice Titus—Mrs. Carl Longshore, City.
Grace Vickers—Bucknell University, Pa.
Lloyd Worden—Married, Detroit, Michigan.
Esther Welsh—Oberlin Conservatory.

Mildred Yazel—Cashier, The Boston Store.
Herbert Watson—Western Reserve University,
Sophomore.
Fred Zuck—Western Reserve University,
Freshman.

Class of 1919

Paul Bates—Clerk, C. H. Smith Meat Market.
Esther Bartram—Post Graduate Course, M. H. S.
Augusta Marie Bauer—Chicago Normal School
for Physical Training.
Florence Beatty—Stenographer, Trainmasters
Office, Erie.
Florence Betz—Cashier, Uhler-Phillips Co.
Marian Burgess—Mrs. Paul Knappenberger,
City.
Gladys Clark—Ohio Wesleyan University,
Freshman.
Mamie Clark—Marion Business College.
Melba Cosner—Stenographer, Health Office
Harold Courtney—Clerk, Cost Room, Marion
Steam Shovel Co.
Esther Crowder—Lake Park Hospital, Chicago.
Francis H. Davidson—Firestone Tire & Rub-
ber Co., Akron.
Leroy DeTurk—Cleveland Wire Spring Co.
John Dowler—Amman Hardware Co.
Frieda Duerr—Bookkeeper, Frank Bros.
Ruth Durr—Ohio State University, Freshman.
Pearl Dutt—At home.
Cecile Elliot—Art Institute, Chicago.
John Fies—Ohio State University, Freshman.
Velma Katheryn Fies—Ass't Bookkeeper,
Anthony's Laundry.
Louise Frank—Sweet Briar College, Virginia.
Edmund Gaumer—Ohio State University,
Freshman.
Florence Gilbert—Mrs. O. H. Gearheiser, near
Waldo.
Thelma Given—Stenographer, Houghton Sulky
Co.
Oliver Hamilton—Post Graduate Course, M. H.
S.
Mary Louise Haines—Ohio State University,
Freshman.
Grayce Harruff—Bookkeeper, Fahey Banking
Co.
Ethel Heineman—Clerk, New York Store.

Homer Heller—At home, north of Marion.
Carl Helwig—Ohio State University, Fresh-
man.
Mary Catherine Hinklin—Lakeside Training
School, Cleveland.
Edith Hover—Teacher, Silver Street Bldg.
Josephine Irey—Stenographer, Marion Steam
Shovel Co.
Mildred Jacobs—Office, Marion County Bank.
Edith Jones—Ass't Cashier, Jim Dugan's.
Rella Jacobs—At home, Greencamp, Ohio.
Jane Avonelle Kerr—At home.
Elizabeth King—Stenographer, Power Mfg.
Co.
Bertram Kleinmaier—Ohio State University,
Freshman.
Ailene Lawrence—Conservatory of Music,
Delaware.
Ruth Lukens—Teacher, Marion County.
Velma McAfee—Stenographer, Marion Cham-
ber of Commerce.
Albert McKinley—Michigan State University,
Ann Arbor, Freshman.
Margaret McKeever—Ohio State University,
Freshman.
Harold Meister—Erie Transfer, Office.
Bryan Melvin—Ohio Wesleyan University,
Freshman.
Paul Mickley—City National Bank.
Arden Millisor—Power Manufacturing Co.
Kathryn Moore—Wooster College, Freshman.
Stella Myers—At home.
Jack Murray—Stenographer, Erie Transfer.
Charles Oborn—Ohio State University, Fresh-
man.
Wilhelmine Ralston—Antioch College, Yellow
Springs, Ohio.
Margaret Riley—Ohio Wesleyan University,
Freshman.
Paul Seiter—Clerk, Marion Steam Shovel Co.
Elizabeth Skinner—Stenographer, E. G. Weid-
eman Office.

MARION HIGH SCHOOL

Olive Sloan—Lakeside Training School For Nurses, Cleveland.

Mildred Sloat—Stenographer, Western Southern Insurance Co.

John Smart—Ohio Wesleyan University, Freshman.

Geneva Smith—Ohio University, Athens, Ohio.

Helen Stengle—Stenographer, Harris Co., Columbus.

Marie Stull—Clerk, New York Store.

Isabelle Stump—Ohio State University, Freshman.

Henry Uline—Clerk, Marion Steam Shovel Co.

Russell Ulsh—Electrician, Pschall Electric Co.

Naomi Uncapher—Postgraduate Course, M. H. S.

Bernice Walter—Stenographer, Clevengers.

Nita Whitcum—Stenographer, Ohio Hide and Tallow Co.

Wayne Wilhelm—Commercial High School, Columbus, Ohio.

Herbert Wolfe—Circulation Mgr. Mansfield News.



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